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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

On Thursday Mr. Asquith made an unequivocal declaration on behalf of the Government in favour of a standard of naval strength which would give us a 10 per cent. superiority in the large armoured ships for the line of battle over the two next strongest Powers. That is a tribute to the new spirit which has come over naval agitation, for both the Navy League outside and the Navy Committee in the House of Commons placed this identical declaration from the Government as the foremost plank of their platform. Working on parallel lines the two organisations have won the day, and there is tribulation in the camp of the Little Navyites. While there was a mystery about the standard, all discussion was unreal. Now Mr. Walter Long and his supporters on the Navy Committee and the experts of the Navy League have got the same measuring-rule to use as the experts of the Admiralty in criticising our shipbuilding programmes.

To understand the importance of this declaration we must hark back to the discussion on 27 July 1906, when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman said: "Our opinion is that when you talk of the two-Power standard, after all you cannot quite keep out of your mind who the two Powers are. When we have made elaborate calculations as to what France and Germany are building, is it really a very likely combination that France and Germany should be allied and should go to war with us? I do not object to the two-Power standard as a rough guide, but this is a two-Power standard of an almost preposterous kind." This extraordinary speech undoubtedly encouraged Germany to frame the fresh proposals for increasing her navy which were made public in October 1906. We are now back again to the speech which Sir Edward Grey made on 1 March 1904, that the two-Power standard "must not be taken to be any two Powers in particular, but the two Powers which at the time of speaking had the largest navies".

It is an old convention that the Guildhall banquet is a great political occasion, in spite of the regulation assurance, never omitted, that the City knows, and the occasion knows, no politics. It is the correct thing to expect a great speech from the Prime Minister on Lord Mayor's day, and to talk importantly about what he is going to say on foreign affairs. But in fact the Prime Minister seldom makes in any sense a great speech at this banquet, and has very seldom said anything there of special significance. Lord Beaconsfield did when he talked of drawing the sword, should Russia advance. But Prime Ministers generally prefer the safety of dignified generalisations. Mr. Asquith took the safe course; and in the present high-strung state of European affairs it would have been alarming if he had not. It may fairly be said that in very distinguished phrase he gave the mind of the British people at this moment. This accounts for the speech's popular success. The success would have been far less had Mr. Asquith thrown any light upon anything.

Prince Bülow had about as unpleasant a task to get through on Tuesday as public man—or private, for that matter—could have. He had to retrieve an impossible position; he had to excuse, to explain, to refine, to deprecate; everything that an honest man dislikes. Prince Bülow can stand up to an angry House gaily enough, but here was matter for sorrow, and he knew it. His country had suffered, and suffered through him whose reputation is more to the Chancellor than his own. The position would indeed have been quite intolerable had his master been of a mean heart, or rather had he not been of an exceedingly generous heart. Prince Bülow was able to confess frankly that a mistake had been made. There was no attempt to make out that all was right. This did not disarm attack, but it prevented exasperation. The Chancellor could hardly help trying to minimise the mistake. He pleaded high colouring, inaccuracy, absence of context: all the familiar pleas. To no effect, of course. The strong part of his speech was the Emperor's admission of mistake and the rally to Germans to pull themselves together and not be cast down by a set-back, which was not a disaster. There was something manly in this.

Of course all the anti-Kaiser elements in the Reichstag were glad of their opportunity. It was grand for the

Socialist and Radical leaders to be able to let off a full charge against the Kaiser, fully exposed by his own act. The Emperor had disarmed himself; now was their time. But well-wishers to the Kaiser did not hesitate either to speak very plainly; especially Herr Basserman, the leader of the National Liberals. There is no doubt that the best as well as the worst elements in the nation are very gravely moved by this business. They think their country has been made ridiculous. The Kaiser will recognise that this is no mere outburst of democratic animus. But as an occasion for dealing with the constitutional question of the Emperor's personal influence in politics it was made nothing of. The debate collapsed.

The Casablanca incident ends in a mutual expression of regret by both parties that it should have occurred, and the facts in dispute are to be referred to the Hague Tribunal. The French have distinctly had the beau rôle this time and have shown a very creditable reticence and good feeling in the way they have treated their little success. The German Foreign Office does not show very well in the affair and, if it has suffered any loss of dignity, it has no one but itself to blame. The incident had been entirely forgotten by the world when much sabre-rattling brought it back to our minds; the Germans, quite wrongly, suddenly demanded an apology which they did not get. This rebuff was brought upon themselves in a quite gratuitous fashion, and the French deserve credit for supplying an official report to the German Foreign Office which afforded the desired means for retreat.

The most stirring news from the Near East this week has been supplied by the proceedings of the Crown Prince of Servia, who, it was generally anticipated, would say something foolish on his return to Belgrade. He distinctly gave his fellow-countrymen to understand that Russia would back them in an adventurous policy, and urged his hearers to protect their rights "with shot and lead". Fresh loads of guns and ammunition continue to arrive in Servian territory, and there is no doubt that Turkey is helping; there is even talk of a Turko-Servian Alliance. Fortunately the Tsar has discreetly snubbed his bellicose young protégé. The danger, of course, is that the Servians may plunge in, trusting to Russian Pan-Slavism to pull them out. We have as yet no official statement from M. Isvolsky as to his mission, and the prospects of a Congress are receding.

England and Russia are lecturing the Shah. He really must not abolish his Constitution. Whether the Shah listens or not—and if he does not he will probably find himself coerced by a Russian force approved by England—he must wonder, as do others, at the unwonted trust placed in Russia by British diplomacy. Not the Constitution of Persia so much as the Anglo-Russian Agreement is the point of the situation. They who used to be most assertive in their suspicion of Russian designs are now as demonstrative the other way. Everything Russia does is correct. Mr. Asquith finds that Russia has shown great self-restraint. The idea that Russia would seek to improve her own chances by intervention is scouted, and those of us who have never been unduly moved by the wickedness of Russian doings in Asia can only smile at a volte-face brought about by an Agreement very much in Russia's favour.

The fourth plot to assassinate the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal does not lose by following closely on the Royal Proclamation. By inheritance, character, and training Sir A. Fraser has more than usual sympathy with the Indian people and a desire to satisfy their legitimate aspirations. His mistaken lenience—"weakness" they call it—has been cited by his critics as an encouragement to the party of disorder. Presumably, therefore, he has been selected as a victim symbolically—to be murdered, not for personal reasons, but as an official. The murder inside the gaol of the approver Gossain and the public beatification of his assassin, the open murder of the native officer who traced the assassin of the Kennedys, and the wholesale intimidation of the judges, magis-

trates, police, and all who support them, make a reign of terror. No wonder the threatened community calls for strong and summary measures. If the civil administration fails—as it has failed—to cope with this alarming situation, Calcutta will be within sight of what Lord Morley describes as "martial law and no damned nonsense".

Mr. Deakin's defeat by a majority of thirty-six in an assembly of sixty-two has thrown into vivid relief the precariousness of his position as Premier for a long time past. The Labour party was the sandbank on which the Government rested. It kept Mr. Deakin in office because its chief, Mr. Fisher, did not see his way to form a Government, and the Labour men preferred the Deakin tariff policy to the free trade programme of Mr. G. H. Reid. According to his critics, Mr. Deakin sacrificed not a little of his dignity in order to preserve his place while the tariff question was before Parliament. Clearly Mr. Fisher had no confidence in his own ability to deal with the tariff, but now that it is out of the way he has responded readily to the Governor's invitation and has formed the second Labour Government of the Commonwealth.

In general when the monopolist declares a thing to be impossible, it is fairly certain it will be achieved in time. The opposition of certain cable companies to Mr. Henniker Heaton's idea of penny-a-word telegrams does, however, seem to be based on solid business considerations. Mr. Heaton's scheme, as outlined at the Colonial Institute on Tuesday, is to be cosmopolitan if other countries can be induced to come in, but imperial if they object. Canada and Australia at least are eager to do what they can to secure cheaper cable communication, and it happens that Mr. Lemieux, the Canadian Postmaster-General, is just now in London to promote a cable to Canada project on the basis of twopence-halfpenny a word. If the line be laid, there is no reason why in due course a long stride should not be taken in the reduction of the cost of cabling to Australia. Meantime Mr. Marconi is prepared to try wireless telegraphy across the Atlantic at a penny a word if Government will provide the necessary cash. On the same terms existing companies might not be less enterprising.

Mr. Asquith on Wednesday explained to the House of Commons how the Government amendments and new clauses of the Licensing Bill are to be allocated for discussion on the Report stage. There are five days in which to review all the tangled mass of alterations that have arisen from the changes in the Government's original proposals. Many of the clauses were not discussed at all in Committee, and many of the more important clauses were left hanging in the air without the Government's intentions being known about them, so that the most substantial parts of the Bill appear yet to be considered on Report. Either they have not been discussed at all, as Clause 24, dealing with monopoly value, and the Children's Clause, or were admittedly discussed very imperfectly, particularly the clause enabling justices to attach conditions to licences which included the provision as to barmaids that was struck out. Whether the Lords reject the Bill or not as fundamentally unsound, its particular provisions ought to be subjected to the most suspicious scrutiny and severe revision.

At present the proposals of the Bill are extraordinarily complex and almost unintelligible. There is a time limit of fourteen years, with a seventeen years' basis of compensation. But the State does not come in to take the monopoly value for twenty-one years. It might be thought that until this twenty-one years expired there would be compensation and the monopoly value would be secure. Instead of this the compensation is estimated on the seventeen years' basis, and the licensee from whom the monopoly value is not to be taken may be deprived of his licence itself by local option. The whole thing is a mass of inconsistencies and inextricable confusion. Three time limits have resulted from the time limit with which the Government started. To begin on a wrong principle always ends in an absurdity, and the absurdity is an unfailing test of something being

wrong. In principle the Bill is wrong, and in detail it is overloaded. The Government have made the same mistake as they did with their Education Bill.

The significance of Lord Lansdowne's speech to the Junior Constitutional Club on Wednesday lay in his sweeping root-and-branch condemnation of the Licensing Bill. Of course he could say nothing as to the line the House of Lords would take on this Bill; but it seems difficult for Lord Lansdowne, after this denunciation, to advise anything but rejection on second reading. There was nothing in his speech to suggest that such a Bill could be mended. Anyway, it is pretty clear the Bill will not survive the Lords. Lord Lansdowne made an effective quotation from an Irish clerical paper, "This country is now the only one in the civilised world in which firearms can be possessed and carried without let or hindrance." Result: outrages with firearms in 1907 (first nine months) double what they were in 1906; in 1908 double what they were in 1907. This is Mr. Birrell's idea of advanced civilisation.

There is much talk, and many letters to editors, now again about an "education compromise". We all know, of course, that the Archbishop of Canterbury has a committee at Lambeth Palace and that he has been in negotiation with Mr. Runciman. We also all know that Dr. Davidson has an itch for compromise. Mr. Runciman has had an explanation with his Nonconformist friends, who are reported to have given him *carte blanche*. This seems very unlikely. Nonconformists are hardly more likely to give Mr. Runciman *carte blanche* than Churchmen the Archbishop of Canterbury. Compromises, we notice, are always hopeful and always healthy until they come to the point, then they die suddenly. In the meantime Churchmen must keep themselves ready for action. All should be right if the National Society's lead is honestly followed. The Standing Committee has just recorded its opinion that "there would be neither justice nor any hope of permanence in any settlement which is not founded on the principle that all forms of religious teaching are equal in the eyes of the State, and that every child should be instructed in religion by a qualified teacher in accordance with the belief of its parents".

It was decidedly a deputation of "intellectuals" that approached the Prime Minister on the subject of proportional representation. There was that veteran champion of unpopular and unintelligible causes, Lord Courtney, flanked by Sir William Anson and Lord Hugh Cecil. When a political party, or group of parties, representing at most 55 per cent. of the electorate, secures a majority of 350 in a House of Commons of 670 members, there is obviously something wrong in the system of election. The fact is that the electors are very nearly equally divided between the Liberal and Conservative parties, and there ought therefore never to be more than a small majority at the back of any Government. This would be an evil, as it would lead to a timid policy and a good deal of corrupt bargaining. Sixty or seventy are an ideal majority.

What system of proportional representation is it proposed to adopt? There is the second ballot, the alternative vote, and the voting by letter, which admits of the formation of constituencies independently of locality. For instance, if Lord Hugh Cecil could get 10,000 or 20,000 electors (whatever the electoral unit fixed) to vote for him, which they would do by sending him their votes, whether they lived in Greenwich or Oxford, he would become a member of Parliament. This is Hare's system.

The great advantage of proportional voting, whatever the system, is that it gives independent men of ability a chance of being elected. The disappearance of the independent member from the House of Commons is a real evil. The local politicians and party managers are people who have neither the brains, the education, nor the time to reason about politics, except superficially. They take the shibboleth from headquarters, and all they insist on is that the candidate or member

shall say ditto to Mr. Balfour or Mr. Asquith. This increases the already excessive power of the Prime Minister or Leader of Opposition. From a purely party point of view the Conservative or Unionist party gains most by the present system, for it is the so-called Liberal party that is most divided into groups. In 1906 many Conservatives got in between a Liberal and a Labour or Socialist candidate, and many more Unionists will get in next time in the same way.

Mrs. Garrett Anderson has been elected Mayor—or Mayoress—of Aldeburgh in quite a simple and natural way without any fuss. Miss Dove has been rejected at High Wycombe with as much stir and nonsense about it as if High Wycombe would have "fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen from its high estate" if she had been elected. There have been mayoresses before, not perhaps since, the Municipal Reform Act; but in feudal times women might be mayors *ex officio* by virtue of tenure or charter. Mrs. Garrett Anderson has shown herself a capable woman, and Miss Dove at least as capable in another sphere. A lady who could make Wycombe Abbey School could run High Wycombe. Either of these ladies is, to say the least, on quite as high an intellectual level as the average alderman. The question of woman's suffrage is not connected with such an election as this in the least, though much is being made of it by some people as if it were.

Nor is it with that other interesting incident, the appearance of several Scottish lady graduates before the House of Lords to urge their claims to vote for their University member. As graduates of Edinburgh University they have all the rights of members of the University except, as the Scottish Courts have held, that of voting for its representative in Parliament. They have fulfilled all the tests required by the University for men voting. Their desire for this particular vote is undoubted, and their intellectual fitness may be assumed as proved by their academic position. As it happens, these are the two things in doubt in the case of the bulk of women. There would be little difficulty about woman suffrage in general if it was no more than is raised by the Scottish graduates' claim. Such differences between the practical and the academic life are not unusual.

Women at last are giving strong proofs that they are thoroughly roused against the goings-on of the Pankhurst gang. Anti-suffrage societies of women have been formed, provoked by these tactics, and the greater number of societies in favour of the suffrage are now protesting against them as injurious to their cause. At the London Suffrage Society the militant members who sought to capture the executive have been completely outvoted, and only those in favour of constitutional methods have been elected. The National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, in their appeal addressed to every member of Parliament for support for the Women's Suffrage Bill next Session, state that they strongly object to the method of disturbance and breach of the peace. They have been rather leisurely perhaps; and they may be suspected of standing by to see what grist militancy would bring to their mill. There is just a hint of jealousy too; for they point out that the newspapers have given all the advertisement to the rowdy wing.

The Lord Chief Justice and the Attorney-General have always to do a certain amount of speechifying on Lord Mayor's Day. It is mostly ceremonial, and there is not much substance in it. One would need to be very ingenious and fertile in imagination to receive the Lord Mayor at the Courts and make a speech at the banquet with distinction on either occasion, not to say both. The main point of the Chief Justice's speech at the Courts was his satisfaction that the King's Bench Division is only three months in arrears. The Lord Chancellor's ideal is to have the work done from day to day. But Lord Alverstone once more, and quite rightly, declared that without more Judges even the present semi-satisfactory condition cannot be maintained.

Sir James Mathew's death was referred to very sympathetically and appreciatively by the Lord Chief Justice. It was exactly amongst City men that as Mr. Mathew and Mr. Justice Mathew he was best known. He had been the leading counsel in the sort of business that came from the City. At the time he was made a judge City men were greatly dissatisfied with the long delays and expense of legal proceedings. The Corporation interposed and set up the Chamber of Arbitration which sent a panic through the ranks of the lawyers. They thought arbitration would ruin them. Then Sir James helped to devise a Commercial Court and a special procedure for it, and he himself as judge made it a great success; and the Chamber of Arbitration was checkmated. When there is a little more common-sense in legal procedure the idea of the Commercial Court will be extended, and Sir James will receive due recognition as a law reformer. He became Lord Justice at last, almost in spite of Lord Halsbury, but his best days were on the puisne bench, where he was immensely admired as a witty, humorous, learned, and strong judge of the first rank.

Sir James Mathew is only one amongst a group of men remarkable in various ways whom—if we may put it so—a combination of old age and a few severe days of severe November weather has taken off. Victorien Sardou was the best known of living playwrights. The distinction between playwright and dramatist is well expressed by a criticism of Zola on Sardou: *Il ne pense pas; il n'écrit pas*. In England we know him best by the plays he wrote for Sir Henry Irving—"Dante" and "Robespierre"—and those he wrote for Madame Sarah Bernhardt, quite his worst work. Sardou had the art of making successful plays as some men have of making fortunes; Sir Joseph Duveen, for instance, a Dutch Jew who worked as a blacksmith in Hull, won a European reputation as an art dealer, and gave a new wing to the Tate Gallery. Mr. Solomon Andrews, too, who started hawking sweets in the streets of Cardiff, and could neither read nor write, created astonishing businesses in Cardiff and London (the Star Omnibus Company here), and rivalled the careers of American millionaires.

An appeal for "Personal Service among London Poor" appeared in the "Times" of Thursday. A number of distinguished persons are sponsors of a movement very amiable in intention for obtaining the help of a body of voluntary visitors to help poor families throughout the winter. Personal service is the right note, but organisation is somewhat incongruous. We may hope the founders of this movement will reconcile the incongruity. The Hon. Mrs. A. Lyttelton and Miss Violet Markham are the secretaries. Personal service should be of particular use now Mr. Burns has been set right about his Unemployment Act circular. Persons may in future be assisted, though they have received poor relief; and intimate knowledge will make the selection of deserving people surer.

The Cullinan diamond—Premier in every sense of the word—is no more. In its place are two brilliants, which hold the record for size and perhaps quality too, and some half-dozen smaller stones. The history of the Cullinan is a new diamond romance. It begins with the acceptance by the King of the Transvaal's offer, and the thrillingly simple expedient of sending the precious bit of carbon to England by registered post. From the time that the Post Office took a signature for the parcel it has been confined in strong-rooms in London and Amsterdam, travelling by the short sea route to the Continent in order to minimise risk. It has involved the making of special machinery, the special carpeting of floors, the employment of the most skilful cutters and polishers in Europe. The really awful moment came when the monster had to be split. If, as one might say in the strain of Omar Khayyam, they should shatter it to bits, there would then be no remoulding it nearer to the heart's desire. At the first blow, not the diamond but the knife smashed, and intense must the relief have been when the operation was at last successfully performed.

"PROPRIE COMMUNIA" AT THE GUILDHALL.

MR. ASQUITH'S Guildhall speech has sensibly raised his reputation as a statesman, both at home and abroad. It is these solemn occasions of State that discover the first-class from the second-class man. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had many virtues as a party leader; so had Mr. W. H. Smith; both were tactful and conciliatory: both were

"centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to our household gods";

and both were, without offence be it said, lamentably wanting in the power of dignified utterance on solemn public opportunities. It requires in truth a really first-rate rhetorician "*proprie communia dicere*". Gladstone was great on these occasions. So was Mr. Asquith on Monday at the Lord Mayor's banquet. There was nothing very definite in what the Prime Minister said, to be sure: an after-dinner speech is not exactly the place for the exposition of detailed policy. But Mr. Asquith said what was fitting, at the right moment, and in the proper manner. And the speech, when it was read next morning, had an instantly reassuring effect upon the City and the Continent. It tranquillised public opinion at a moment of confused shouting. If we may borrow an expression from the House of Commons, the Prime Minister of Great Britain called Europe to order; and Europe recognised the voice of authority.

What did Mr. Asquith say at the Guildhall? The Prime Minister enunciated two propositions of cardinal and catholic importance at the present hour; first, that there is a public law of Europe, which must be obeyed; second, that England is resolved to maintain her naval supremacy "beyond the reach, yes, and the risk" of rivalry. Simple, incontrovertible, propositions; and yet how necessary to remind the world of them! The Treaty of Berlin was signed by all the great European Powers and Turkey. One of those Powers, Austria, has departed from the provisions of that Treaty. This is a violation of the public law of Europe, which must either be cancelled or condoned by the other signatories. There can be no security against annexations, partitions, or sudden wars, unless the collective public opinion, and, if necessary, the united strength of Europe enforces respect for its public law. Experienced statesmen know that international treaties are provisional arrangements, which last so long as suits the convenience of the signatories. The point of security to be insisted on is that the Treaty shall only be modified or abrogated with the consent of all the parties to it. This is a truism, and yet it cannot be too often repeated authoritatively at this juncture, for there is a manifest disposition on the part of Austria, Turkey, Bulgaria, and Servia to ignore the principles of public law. Turkey, Bulgaria, and the Balkan principalities are, of course, half-barbarous communities, still Oriental in their methods; and Austria's recent performance, it must be confessed, agrees very well with these methods. It is these undisciplined countries that Mr. Asquith, speaking on behalf of the new Triple Alliance, called to order. But, though speaking on behalf of France, Russia, and Great Britain, the Prime Minister explained, with tact and good sense, that England is not in favour of grouping the great Powers in two camps on this or on any other question of European public law. The same communications that were addressed to France and Russia by this country on the Near Eastern question were simultaneously addressed to Germany, Austria, and Italy. The Prime Minister added that Great Britain had no pedantic preference for any particular method of securing the observance of the public law of Europe. This can only mean that the Government contemplates the possibility of the question being settled without a Conference. There are two points to be secured, the satisfaction of Turkey, and the consent of the signatory Powers. If these ends can be achieved by diplomacy without the cost and the waste of time involved in a Conference, so much the better. The danger-point is still Servia; but winter and want of funds are powerful arguments for peace with a fifth-rate State.

It certainly would have been more satisfactory if the Prime Minister had seen his way to be a little more definite and detailed about our naval programme. "Beyond the reach and the risk of rivalry" is a good phrase, a very good phrase, and characteristic of the speaker. But facts are more satisfying than phrases. He should have said then what he has since said in Parliament. It might have saved the uneasy feeling that though the Prime Minister might talk big in the City, surrounded by a Tory audience, his performance would tail off wofully when brought face to face with the ugly realities of the financial position. We have no knowledge, of course, except that which is open to all. But for the life of us we cannot see how the Government is going to finance a shipbuilding and a social reform programme. The Board of Trade returns—which on this point, at all events, are not likely to pervert the truth—tell of a continued decline of exports and imports. It is almost a matter of certainty that there will be a substantial deficit next April. Frankly, in spite of Thursday's brave pronouncement, we are still afraid that shipbuilding will be sacrificed to social reform. We want both, but shipbuilding is the nation's very existence. The Prime Minister was hopeful that we had touched the bottom of commercial depression, and expressed a cautious expectation that trade would revive in the course of the next few months. Here again we wish that Mr. Asquith had given us some detailed information as to the grounds of his belief. Doubtless he was speaking from "instructions" supplied by the Board of Trade. We should have been glad to have had a peep at his brief. The Board of Trade has no special means of judging the movements of business beyond the returns furnished by the Customs, a somewhat fallacious test of prosperity or distress. We do not look for any real improvement in the trade of the world for another six or eight months, shout the Yankees never so loudly in Wall Street. It therefore behoves the Conservative party to see that Mr. Asquith's Government does not fall below the policy of his Guildhall speech.

ENGLISH CHURCHMEN AND COMPROMISE.

THERE are minds to which the word "compromise" sums up all wisdom and contains all statesmanship. The question for them is not how much they can keep of what their side holds dear, but how much they can give away. To them a conviction can never be worth fighting for in its entirety; the larger part is an item to bargain with, a superfluity that can very well be exchanged against something else. This love of compromise is really cynicism; it is the blasé man's view that nothing really matters. As a policy it rests on the assumption that more is asked for than is expected, or even desired, in order that the difference may be given away, and thereby credit for moderation won. In mundane affairs that may work well enough; but when it is applied to religious beliefs the honest man must object. He will not admit that his creed contains more than he believes or desires to believe, and that therefore he may with alacrity jettison or barter away a large part of it. He feels that if religion is true, it must be supreme; that it cannot be sacrificed to other things, but other things must be sacrificed to religion. In a word, a man's faith must be either true or untrue; it cannot be a proper field for compromise. The moment religion loses this supreme claim on its followers it ceases to be religion. This no doubt makes religion frequently a disturbing and very awkward element in the ordinary affairs of the world. It is not compliant and flexible as convenience requires. Very naturally those who either ignore or deny the claims of religion resent this lack of adaptability. He who will not treat his convictions as a matter of bargain is no doubt something of a nuisance to the world. He expects to be thought a nuisance; he does not even resent the charge: it is the natural attitude of the natural man. But he does resent this attitude in those who purport to be his religious guides. When he sees a disposition in his spiritual fathers to make their peace with the world by the surrender of principle, he

grows restive. One cannot help noticing that while all these educational negotiations are said to be in the interest of peace and good feeling all round, the feeling they are in fact producing, so far from one of confidence or blissful repose, is just suspicion and anxiety on both sides lest all they care most about is being bartered away. If a compromise should be brought about on paper by politicians and certain ecclesiastics, its failure is absolutely certain, for each side will think only of what it has given away in a sphere in which everything is vital. Right or wrong, neither the honest Churchman nor the honest Nonconformist can admit, because he cannot believe, that there can be anything unimportant or even secondary in religion. Every compromise must make him feel that he has been false to his trust. In other words, it is attempting to introduce the device of compromise—an admitted second-best, the half-truth, the *faute de mieux*—into a region where it can have no place. Therefore, not looking at the matter either from the Nonconformist or Catholic point of view, but purely from the point of view of a lasting settlement, we hold that compromise is the worst possible policy. It is the one policy absolutely certain of failure. The story of the compromise of 1872 ought to be warning enough. That was to be a settlement. It has had over thirty years to settle down into working order; over thirty years to gain the confidence of the two sides supposed to be the parties to it. The total outcome of this precious undenominational settlement is that there has been more controversy during the last ten years than before the famous compromise was born, and at this moment not a soul in any camp is satisfied. We trust the Archbishop and our other spokesmen have pondered these things when asked to abandon, in the cause of peace at any price, things Churchmen of opposite schools hold very dear.

There are certain aspects of the position which those Peers and others, who put settlement, the permanent laying of the education controversy, before everything else, should consider. The Archbishop of Canterbury has no authority to commit the Church of England on this education question. We would speak with all respect to his great office; but the Archbishop has neither authority nor power to bind Churchmen in this matter. He is in no sense a plenipotentiary. He has great power in that it is likely that the House of Lords would not reject a Radical Education Bill which the Archbishop commended to them. But the Peers should remember that it would not at all follow that because the Archbishop was content with a particular Bill the majority of English Churchmen were. This may or may not be material as to the merits of the Bill, but it must be very material indeed as to its proving a permanent settlement. This controversy cannot be ended by any compromise which a large element in either of the parties affected by it refuses to accept. The Government, in our view, would be very foolish to pass any Bill which any large and important section of Nonconformists would not accept, and accept gladly. We are not afraid of Mr. Asquith's Government making any such mistake. But Unionist Peers should remember that it will be equally useless to pass a Bill to which a powerful body of Churchmen are irreconcilably opposed; especially if these irreconcilables represented both High Churchmen and Evangelicals. They may take it for certain that if in the supposed interests of peace a Bill repugnant to the Dean of Canterbury, the Bishop of Manchester, the Bishop of Birmingham, Lord Hugh Cecil, and Lord Halifax were accepted by the bulk of the Bishops and passed, two things would follow. Conscientiously objecting Anglicans would labour untiringly from that very day to get the compromise upset. They would agitate until they were successful, paying no heed to any talk about giving the compromise a chance. The other thing that would happen would be the prompt appearance of a plan of passive resistance amongst Churchmen. This Government has taught the world that passive resistance succeeds. Churchmen would have a stronger and much more honourable case for passive resistance than ever the Nonconformists have had; and the efficacy of their resistance would be

proportionate. They might be foolish, they might be wrong in doing this; but that is irrelevant to the question of settlement. They would do it, and any surrender or compromise that would bring into force a Church passive resistance movement can hardly be a step towards peace; it certainly cannot be a settlement. It is easy to say, as the Gallio we all know so well would say, these are mere extremists, cranks, intransigents, fools. What is the use of saying that? They may be all those pleasant things; it would not make them one whit the less efficient wreckers of the compromise. But they would be so few! No; we hope the Lords will be under no misapprehension on that point. These recalcitrant Churchmen would not be few, they would be very numerous. And as every one of them would be tremendously in earnest, they would be the strongest group in the Church. It is not Vicars of Bray who influence public opinion. Therefore to accept any serious surrender of the Churchman's position in the hope of obtaining peace would be a disastrous hallucination.

Compromise will not lead to settlement. Then can genuine agreement be reached? At present, unfortunately, it is impossible. Differences are real and they are not small. There is no prospect of unanimity. It may come; one can only hope it will come. But for practical purposes it is idle to talk of it. Settlement, in fact, is possible only in one way: by agreeing to differ. Agree honestly to differ: admit each other's point of view and let each go his own way unlet, and you have, at any rate, settlement of a kind. Put all on an equality, not by depriving all alike of what they want, but by giving them what they want, and controversy dies; or should die. We believe it would. Let those who want undenominational teaching for their children in all schools have it; let those who want Church teaching for their children have it; let those who want Roman Catholic teaching have it; or Wesleyan or Jewish; let all have what they want for their own children. Where is the room for controversy and bitterness in such a settlement? No party is asked to surrender anything to the other. There is no suggestion of teaching Nonconformist Church doctrines; there is no suggestion of imposing on Church children Cowper-Templeism. If the Nonconformist calls it a concession that he should not be allowed to impose undenominationalism on Anglicans and others who do not want it, we cannot admit his sacrifice. He has, we hold, a right to undenominational teaching for his own children, but he has not a right to give it to other people's children who do not want it. We believe firmly that on these lines the religious difficulty can be laid finally, and on these alone. The sense of the nation would accept this undenominational arrangement as just; there would be never enough irreconcilable opponents seriously to hamper it. But it must be thorough. Denominational teaching must be put absolutely on a level with undenominational; it must be the religious teaching of the school to those who want it. *It cannot be a matter of "facilities" or certain days in the week.* Any such distinction destroys all chance of a settlement; for it is putting one form of religious teaching at a disadvantage compared with another. Churchmen would accept a settlement that put Church teaching, as all denominational teaching, on the same level, not higher, nor lower, as undenominational in every elementary school in the country; all elementary schools being State schools. Less English Churchmen will not accept; and neither open enemies nor false friends will be able to make them.

KAISER AND REICHSTAG.

THE exhibitions of excitement provoked by the Kaiser's interview have been confined this week to the Reichstag, where a sort of general action has been in progress without any definite objective. At all events, after much desultory firing lasting for two days, the matter dropped, and the questions involved in the recent imbroglio seem as far from settlement as ever. It is true that the Government speakers were received with some perfunctory applause or loud shouts of laughter, and there can be no doubt that the reputation of the

German Foreign Office comes more or less damaged out of the mêlée. However excellent his intentions, it seems quite clear that the Chancellor is no longer capable of directly supervising the work of this all-important Department, and has to rely upon subordinates who are not equal to their work or only give such advice as they may think the Sovereign desires. This is exactly the opposite of what was the usual course of affairs under Bismarck. He was not only nominally but was actually responsible for all the acts of the Sovereign, whose person therefore never became the subject of acrimonious criticism in the Reichstag. Things could only be so under the German system of divided responsibility when the Chancellor had in reality the controlling voice. Under the existing régime no Chancellor, however able, really controls foreign affairs. There have been many instances in which the Sovereign has acted on his own initiative and informed the Chancellor afterwards. So long as things go well under this plan, the Sovereign may enjoy much of the credit, but it is not an adequate set-off to the injury inflicted on the Crown by such episodes as that of the "Daily Telegraph" interview. It is quite clear that very great reticence is a most desirable quality, in his own interest and in that of his country, for a Sovereign who is really his own Foreign Minister. The Chancellor, if he has to bear the brunt of parliamentary criticism, should have approved the policy he is called upon to defend. All this may, in any case, be taken as a warning by those foolish persons who will be always dragging the Crown forward as a responsible agent, and sometimes the sole agent, in British foreign policy. No nation will long endorse the self-contradictory proposition that the Sovereign is to receive the credit for popular policies and the Ministers the discredit for the unpopular. The theory will not stand long investigation.

While the debate in the Reichstag has followed the line generally anticipated, it is certain that the Kaiser himself emerges with greater credit than he went in. After he had made the one unfortunate faux pas, his attitude throughout has been chivalrous and high-minded. He might so easily have thrown all the blame on others, and he might have repudiated the interview; but instead of denying responsibility, he has accepted the whole and has only qualified it in a few small details. The correction with regard to the plan of campaign against the Boers seems to us to be in accordance with all the probabilities of the case. It is in the last degree improbable that anything like a detailed plan of campaign was submitted in high places in this country. It is of course the duty of warriors to discuss wars and the best way of conducting them. Nobody therefore need be surprised that the Emperor and his staff discussed the main lines of the campaign they would carry out, had they been in the position of our generals in South Africa, or that he may have communicated his views to his English relatives. As to the revelations regarding France and Russia, it is highly probable that Prince Bülow is right and that other versions of the affairs have already been conveyed to persons in a responsible position in England; but that is no valid excuse for the proclamation of the Kaiser's version to the whole world.

As we have said before, what does it matter to-day who were our enemies eight years ago? The whole of this part of the Chancellor's speech was lamentably lame and carried no conviction with it. Diplomatic necessities might conceivably compel such revelations to be made to another Foreign Office, but nothing can excuse the ruthless exposure to the world of secret negotiations, the other parties to which clearly could not desire them to be made known far and wide. With the general reasons for the Kaiser's action put forward by Prince Bülow we are entirely in agreement. There can be no doubt of his genuine desire to bring about better relations between England and his own country and of his genuine chagrin that his efforts have failed; but it is certainly remarkable that he has not been able to grasp better our national character and to understand that the methods employed do not commend them-

selves to British views. Nevertheless, we have nothing to complain of, except that Germany against our will has been led to think she has another ground of complaint against us because she has been made to look ridiculous. On the other hand, we have little to boast of as to the tone of many organs of the British press. But in truth the quarrel is not now with us; it is entirely between the Kaiser and his own people.

The view of the majority of the speakers in the Reichstag debate was evidently that the general responsibility for foreign policy should be shifted from the Sovereign to Parliament, and that the Ministry should be responsible to Parliament. If this line were to be adopted, it would mean little less than a revolution in the German political system. Many observers, both English and French, seem to be of opinion that such a change is in course of evolution. If so, we hardly think foreign nations have much to congratulate themselves upon. A popular assembly has always been found the least satisfactory authority on which to found foreign policy. Except in the case of a few experts national antipathies and jealousies become the controlling forces. Fortunately for Great Britain, as democracy has developed, the tendency to take a hand in foreign policy has declined in Parliament or is more easily suppressed—ignorance and prejudice are so palpable and knowledge is so conspicuously absent except among a chosen few. It was quite otherwise thirty years ago, when a very different *couche sociale* sent most of the members on both sides to the House of Commons. Then a good many members had a very fair knowledge of foreign affairs and were competent to discuss them, and the results were not very satisfactory either under Lord Beaconsfield or Mr. Gladstone: cutting phrases flung off in the heat of debate did not make negotiations easier or peace more assured. Germany now wishes to take up the line we have abandoned and to have the conduct of her foreign affairs the constant objects of parliamentary supervision. How would this have worked during the Boer War? Should we have been less in danger of having a war with Germany added to our trials if popular feeling rather than practical experience had had the upper hand?

Prince Bülow and his master have both been called cynical and callous for the line they took then, but history will credit them with averting a hideous catastrophe into which popular feeling might easily have plunged both nations. We do not anticipate that the Casablanca incident would have been settled with so little sacrifice of dignity or loss of temper on either side if the Foreign Minister had been exposed to a raking fire of questions from members of the Reichstag. The fact is palpable that with all his impetuosity the Kaiser has proved himself a lover of peace. At a definite crisis he has often taken the wise and statesmanlike line as opposed to that demanded by popular clamour. Of course every system has its own peculiar dangers, but the occasional coups de tête of the Sovereign are less dangerous than the clamours and wild enthusiasms of a popular Assembly, and an able Minister giving good advice is more likely to be listened to by an experienced ruler than by an excited Parliament.

The debate in the Reichstag seems to have had one curious effect on some sections of British opinion. We are bidden to regard it as a "reassuring" fact that the majority of speakers repudiated any hostile feelings or intentions towards this country. They may have been quite sincere, but what are such expressions of opinion really worth? To have spoken otherwise would have been to prove the Kaiser's case. Germans believe most unreasonably that we have engineered several small humiliations for them lately; the charge is of course absurd, but the feeling is there. Our own course is very plain: to remember that any nation may be at any time an antagonist and to prepare ourselves adequately to meet all reasonable contingencies. This is the best and only guarantee, as the Prime Minister said, not only for our own safety, but for "the peaceful intercourse of mankind".

MR. HALDANE'S GRAND TOTAL.

SIR WILLIAM NICHOLSON has learnt his lesson well, and follows worthily in his master's footsteps. His speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet was marked by Mr. Haldane's lively optimism, though the story was told in fewer and more guarded words. The Army was never more fitted for war than it is at present, and everything is as it should be in the best of all possible War Offices. This is all very well, but the new Chief of the General Staff should realise that he has grievously disappointed expectations. Here we have a soldier of conspicuous ability as principal military member of the Army Council, well qualified, and in the very best position to judge of the military fitness of the nation, willing to co-operate with his political chief in throwing dust into the eyes of a nation always gullible where military affairs are concerned. He does this, realising all the while our lamentable weakness. How different his conduct from Lord Wolseley's! When nearly all our regular troops had left these shores in 1900 the Government spokesman of the day insisted time after time that the makeshift forces we then had left at home were all that could be desired; and had Lord Wolseley, like Sir William Nicholson, been content to administer this pleasant narcotic in obedience to his masters, his subsequent treatment would have been different indeed. But at the celebrated Aldershot field day in the summer of 1900 he had the hardihood to speak the truth when he told the assembled representatives of the heterogeneous units which then composed the Aldershot Command that they were in no sense an army but merely a mob of men with rifles. He told the truth, which was none the more palatable to those in power at the time because it was so. But it is to his lasting credit that he had the courage to tell it, no matter at what cost to himself; and the nation is certainly the poorer to-day for the lack of leading soldiers who dare to let it know how it stands, without fear of subsequent consequences.

At greater length and in more emphatic language Mr. Haldane continues to tell the same tale as Sir William Nicholson. Never was the British Army stronger or more ready to take the field; but the return recently presented to the House of Lords hardly bears out this rosy assurance. This remarkable document shows us that three years ago—namely, before Mr. Haldane's activities had been applied to the military machine—the strength of the Regular Army was 178,161, and that now it is 160,002, whilst the respective establishments were 181,312 and 161,329. As regards the Regulars, then, it is difficult to see how matters have improved. Mr. Haldane tells us that the organisation of the Army and its readiness for war show a marked improvement. This may be so; but the gain must be very pronounced indeed if it makes up for the loss of some 20,000 men in an Army which has always shown itself too weak for its requirements in every great crisis in our modern history. As a fact, three years ago, and indeed at the time of the South African War also, the organisation of the Army, its mobilisation plans, and its general efficiency left little to be desired. The one vital drawback was that there were not enough men. There is, however, one satisfactory feature in the report. The Army Reserve is now 39,289 men stronger than it was in 1905. But this gratifying state of affairs is no credit to Mr. Haldane, except in so far as it is due to the disbandment of units and the consequent hastening of some men into the reserve from the colours. It is mainly due to the short-service system introduced by the Unionist Government, whether that policy be good or bad in itself. Much the same tale has to be told of the Militia or Special Reserve as of the Regular Army. The figures were 69,629 in 1905 and they are 50,179 now. Anent this, there is a pathetic little footnote saying that the numbers "will presumably increase substantially during the winter", presumably owing to Mr. Haldane's exhortation to the unemployed to join. But, apart from this, recruiting is always better in the winter months owing to the number of men out of work. The net result,

however, is that we are poorer by some 20,000 men than we were in the pre-Haldanean days, making a total falling-off for the Line and the Militia of some 40,000 men. The Volunteer or Territorial Army figures tell an even plainer tale as to the success of the Haldanean experiments. In 1905 we had 38,862 artillerymen and 180,489 infantrymen. Now the Territorial Army is composed of 27,896 artillerymen and 117,729 infantrymen; in other words, about two-thirds of the old Volunteer force. Of course we are told that against this decrease in quantity is balanced an increase of quality and more perfect organisation. As to the organisation we admit that it is far better now than it was. All Volunteer units are now grouped into brigades and divisions. This is of course a gain; although the keeping-up of divisional commanders drawing £1200 or £1000 each, with two Staff officers at £500 a year apiece, is a costly innovation, and possibly an unnecessary one, as none of the divisions is yet complete. Hence the appointment of all this glittering Staff might well have been deferred till matters were further advanced, if they ever will be. On the general question of quality, we have up till now no reason to suppose that the optimism of Mr. Haldane and his satellites is in any way justified. On the contrary we hear from all parts of the country that there is no real improvement. Indeed, a recent utterance of Sir Ian Hamilton that the Volunteer manoeuvres are to be regarded as holidays is a pertinent commentary on the state of affairs. If even so practical and earnest a soldier as the Adjutant-General-designate is driven to use such terms to popularise the Territorial Army, its plight must be desperate indeed. His words, however, make a valuable moral on the whole subject of volunteering. It must be made a holiday or else men will not join. Why should they? Why should men engaged in various occupations make their patriotic desire to serve their country a burden to themselves, when the nation at large will not take such a liability on its shoulders?

How have Mr. Haldane's schemes benefited us as a nation? His absurd claim to perfection may be put on one side. We have already shown the disastrous effect of his policy on the actual strength of fighting men we should possess. The effect of his disbandment of Regular units does not show out very prominently at home, for the simple reason that by the easy expedient of reducing our colonial garrisons in Gibraltar, South Africa, and elsewhere he is now able to show practically as large a garrison at home as we had before the present Government came into office. But this in no way increases the strength of our home defence forces. Even according to Mr. Haldane's oft-repeated statement, the whole of the Regular units at home would, in the case of a big war, leave this country as part of his much-vaunted expeditionary force. We should then have only what remained over of the Special Reserve and the Territorial Army to count upon. But these are vastly weaker than they were before, although their organisation may be better. So the whole business comes to this. We have only gained in the realms of organisation and distribution; and Mr. Haldane's sole claim to be reckoned a successful War Minister will be that he has provided machinery whereby compulsion can be easily introduced. But he has not had the courage to add the coping-stone, the key-stone, to his own building.

THE CITY.

THE settlement of the Casablanca incident has had a restorative effect upon the nerves of the Stock Exchange. The danger of war in Eastern Europe is not yet over; but as nothing in the shape of hostilities can now take place before the spring, and as the speculator never looks beyond the day after to-morrow, buyers are coming slowly and timidly back to the market. Kaffirs are beginning to go back to the status quo ante the Bulgarian scare, and the bulls have been greatly encouraged by a cable from the Modderfontein property announcing a rich assay of 26 dwt. to the ton. Modders

have bounded up again to the neighbourhood of 11½, quite high enough, and those ridiculously over-valued shares, Consolidated Gold Fields, have gone up to nearly 5 again. At this price the share yields, on the last dividend of 4s., about 4 per cent., an absurd return on an investment of that kind. East Rands, which pay 4s. 6d., yield at 4½ a return of over 10 per cent.; but the market is against this share, and the tap is always turned on at or about 4½. For the speculators East Rands are not to be recommended: but they are an excellent investment, though not so good as Simmer and Jack Proprietary, which has prospects of increased dividends (it pays at present 20 per cent. and stands at 2½), and which is the pick of the basket, in our opinion. Wolhuter is another good share, which with the certainty of a dividend of something over 10 per cent. is bound to go over £4, which is only the par value. A purely market reason, i.e. the selling of a line of these shares, is the only thing that has kept Wolhuters down. Witwatersrand Townships have picked up in the last day or two, and we can only repeat that these shares, now at £2, have been as high as £8, and though that may have been an exaggerated figure, we think there is a probability of their going to £4. The Cinderella Deep Mine, the deepest on the Rand, has begun to crush, and if the Albus only supported their own market with a little more spirit, their price would rise. We hear that some people are uneasy about Boksburgs on the score of the company wanting funds. We are not in the secrets of the board. We only know from information open to all that the prospects of the property are excellent. There are £25,000 working-capital unissued but under option at 25s. a share. This option may have expired; but the company is not likely to want for funds if the published assays are correct. We must again remind our readers that Boksburgs, now at 10s., touched 2½ in 1902, and presumably the shares are now worth more than they were then, though the figure, of course, was reached in the excitement of the "peace boom" that turned into a slump.

The Yankee market again defies the City editors, and goes on its way rejoicing. The City is now divided into those who believe in the American boom and those who don't. We have long given up attempting to forecast the course of this extraordinary market, which depends, not on intrinsic merits, but on the plans of the magnates, which they keep to themselves, only telling the market what they want it to believe. It is quite on the cards that Union Pacifics will go to 250: in the meantime the quarterly dividend was at the usual rate of 10 per cent. Steel Commons at 56 strike us as too high for a stock paying 2 per cent., but it is possible that the revival of trade in the United States may be as assured as they would have us believe. Copper shares, again, are a pure gamble, as nobody knows, although many pretend that they know, the relations at any given time between the supply and the demand for the metal. Amalgamated have risen from 50 to 90 since May: we should be sorry to buy them, and we should be equally sorry to sell them speculatively. Rio Tintos, it must not be forgotten, have been at 105 within the last two years, and may go there again. In one market the sanguine, speculative temper of the Americans has had a genuine effect, we mean the rubber market. The price of plantation rubber has risen to nearly 6s. a pound in the last month—nearly double what it was in the spring. It is American buying, by the United States Rubber Trust and others, that has produced this boom, not an un-mixed benefit to the planters and their companies, as it encourages over-production and the flotation of rotten companies. But the sound Ceylon and Straits Settlements rubber companies have made large profits lately, and should pay handsome dividends. The preference and ordinary shares of the Rosehaugh Tea and Rubber Company are well worth buying, if they can be got, the former for a 6, the latter for a 10 per cent. dividend.

The Mexican Railway is in a bad way, and the shareholders are entitled to complain of the unpleasant surprises which are inflicted upon them by their directors. It appears that the company now wants £1,000,000 for permanent way and necessary repairs. Mexican Ordi-

nary, which rose to 26 on bear covering and then fell back to 24, must be content to rank for the future in the same class as Trunk Ordinary, i.e. a mere gambling counter. The excellent and increasing traffic returns are slowly melting the discontent of the Argentine railway market, and B.A.G.S., Pacifics, and Rosarios all rose a little: but Pacifics and Rosarios are still under-valued, and should be bought.

INSURANCE: BONUS SYSTEMS.—IV.

N connexion with bonuses there is the question not only of the form in which a policyholder takes his share of the profits, but of the method employed by the actuary in determining the fair share to be given to each policyholder. Sometimes, as we have seen, the policyholder receives a fixed percentage either of the original sum assured only or of the sum assured and previous bonuses remaining uncommuted. Sometimes the bonus is calculated at a fixed rate per cent. of the premiums paid. In certain offices this percentage is allowed to reduce future premiums and in no other form, while by other companies the cash value of the bonuses is reckoned in this way, but the policyholder is allowed to take the equivalent value of the bonus as a reversionary addition to the sum assured or in any other way he chooses. A common plan in determining the amount of the bonus to be given to a policy is to exclude from the calculation any addition to the tabular rate of premium for the age at entry. If a man is charged a higher rate of premium on account of indifferent health, for residence in unhealthy climates, for war risk, or hazardous occupation he receives no bonus as a result of paying this extra: his policy at a high premium receives exactly the same bonus as is allotted to a corresponding policy effected at the prospectus rate of premium. A departure from this general rule has many attractions, and is used to good advantage by the Clerical, Medical and General Life Assurance Society: this office has always treated the assurance of invalid lives in a special way, and it applies the same principle to policyholders subject to extra risks on account of climate or active service. The bonuses are calculated on the premiums actually paid, so that if a policyholder pays a rate of premium which is higher than the prospectus rate, the extra premium earns an extra bonus, and if he lives long this additional share in the profits goes some way towards making up for the additional premium he had to pay on account of the increased risk of early death to which, for one reason or another, he was considered to be exposed. A plan of this kind illustrates both the ingenuity of actuaries in providing for all sorts of different conditions and the advisability of considering the bonus practices of life offices before effecting assurance.

Another point arises in connexion with certain policies of some of the American life offices. We have always urged that the three great New York life assurance companies are thoroughly sound and strong, give good results to their policyholders, and have a great deal about their policy contracts that is most attractive; but in some offices the bonus system adopted is bad for limited-payment life policies. Assurance which provides for the sum assured to be paid at death whenever it occurs, and not before, but requires premiums to be paid for a limited period, such as twenty years, has much to recommend it. In nearly, if not quite, all English life offices policies of this kind continue to receive bonuses after the premium-paying period comes to an end on exactly the same basis as before; but in some of the New York companies, if not in all, the bonuses are large while premiums are being paid, but dwindle to little or nothing thereafter. The effect of this method of calculating the bonuses is twofold: if the policyholder when effecting assurance thinks that he wants the sum assured paid at death while desiring to pay premiums for only twenty years, he would do well not to go to an American office; if he died within the premium-paying period the results would be good, but if he survived for many years thereafter they would be indifferent. On the other hand, if he felt that endowment assurance was what he really wanted, viz. the payment of a sum of money at the end

of a fixed period, or at death if previous, but that in order to provide a large amount of protection for his dependants in the event of his premature death endowment assurance, on account of the high rate of premium, was inadvisable, a limited-payment life policy in an American office might suit him very well. Such a policy provides a large amount of cover, or protection, in the event of early death, and at the end of twenty years, or whatever other period for paying premiums he selects, he could surrender the policy and the large bonuses declared upon it on very favourable terms. It enables him to obtain the large element of protection characteristic of policies paying the sum assured at death only, while at the same time giving good terms as endowment assurance if he surrenders the policy when the last premium has been paid. The bonuses instead of being spread over the entire lifetime of the assured are, so to speak, crowded into the premium-paying period. Hence it depends upon a policyholder's requirements whether such a policy in an American office is, or is not, desirable for his purpose.

TACTICS AND THE HEALTH OF THE ARMY, 1848—1908.

By FIELD-MARSHAL SIR EVELYN WOOD V.C.

II.

TWENTY years after the war in the Crimea the sanitary and medical arrangements for the Ashanti expedition, 1873-74, left nothing to be desired, but the circumstances were exceptional. The two European battalions were only on shore for seven weeks and in the best sense; the General in command was a military genius; his first and very capable medical officer was a former brother-officer in the 90th Light Infantry (2nd Scottish Rifles), and enjoyed the General's confidence. Dr. Anthony Home V.C., C.B. preceded the expedition by four months. He studied closely the pestilential climate of the Gold Coast, and had matured his plans for the prevention of sickness when Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived and approved them. Later, when Dr. Home, struck down by fever, was invalided, he was replaced by another selected and capable officer, Surgeon W. Mackinnon C.B., who afterwards became Director-General of his department. The detailed plans for transporting sick and wounded 150 miles from Coomassie to the coast on a narrow path through dense forests show plainly the advance in war-service efficiency between 1854 and 1874.

It would not be reasonable to remark on the want of medical organisation in the first stage of the Zulu War, since it was undertaken by the High Commissioner before adequate preparations were made; but it brought to light some curious repetitions of Crimea experience, when drugs were more valued than soldiers. A column of 2500 troops, under the command of the writer of this paper, although in daily communication with the base, was left without castor oil and necessary drugs for a fortnight, in spite of constant and urgent requisitions and although the articles were procurable in chemists' stores in Durban and Maritzburg.

Between September 1881 and February 1882 an epidemic of enteric fever in Natal brought to light the unsatisfactory conduct of some of the Army Hospital Corps employed as nurses, and the wife of a senior Staff officer, a charitable lady who was much interested in the nursing of soldiers, alleged that "the heavy loss which ensued was caused by the cruel neglect of the hospital orderlies". In June 1882 a Court of Inquiry, the writer himself being President, assembled, and after considering the evidence of several soldiers who complained of ill treatment, in some cases "of a cruel nature", recorded an opinion that the more serious allegations against the Army Hospital Corps had not been substantiated. The evidence showed plainly that the philanthropic lady was mistaken in her estimate of the loss, which indicated a lower percentage than that of enteric cases in the United Kingdom and only one-third of that in India. It illustrated clearly, however, that the Regulations were inelastic and faulty, and convinced the

Adjutant-General and his successors in that office, Sir Redvers Buller, and Sir Evelyn Wood, that the employment of female nurses, wherever they could be accommodated, should be at once approved.

Lord Morley's Committee, appointed in October 1882 to inquire into the organisation of the Army Hospital Corps and nursing, was directed later to extend its inquiries into the organisation of the Medical Department, with special reference to the expedition to Egypt.

This report was most valuable, in spite of the fact that of the eight members three wrote dissentient minutes, and that the evidence of the Chief of the Staff conflicted with that of the General in Chief.

The Committee considered, and concurred generally however, as regarded the nursing arrangements, in the conclusions submitted by Sir Evelyn Wood's Committee six months earlier. They recommended the "skill and care of the medical officers", but reported that "the nursing, feeding, and hospital administration left much to be desired".

The medical and sanitary arrangements for the Sudan expedition of 1884-85 reflect credit on all concerned; and in the final despatch of the General in command it is recorded "the sick and wounded have never been better cared for". The great length of the line of communication, 1500 miles from Alexandria to Gubat, necessitated the provision of many doctors and all forms of sick transport: camels on the desert, whaleboats, native craft, and steamers on the reaches of the Nile between cataracts, hand-stretchers and donkeys over the portages, and ambulance carriages on the railways.

Careful notifications of all sick treated were sent out from all hospitals to regiments in the front, along the line of communications, and to the Statistical Office at Cairo; thus every soldier admitted to hospital was traced. Nursing sisters were employed in the large hospitals at Assuan and Halfa to the benefit of patients, but only after much opposition of the doctors to the system. The satisfactory transport of the wounded across the Bayuda Desert from Gubat to Korti on the Nile, about 180 miles, showed how marked was the advance of the medical officers in service efficiency. Many wounded had undergone capital operations, yet none appeared to the writer of this paper at Gakdul, midway on the desert in the great bend of the Nile, to suffer in the camel cacolets, although the movements of camels are generally trying to a sick man. This is a striking contrast to our experience in the overcrowded and polluted hospitals at Scutari in 1854-55, when thirty-nine out of forty patients succumbed under secondary operations after a short sea voyage.

During the Boer War there was much controversial newspaper correspondence regarding the administration of British hospitals, and various complaints were made, often of a sweeping character, against the Royal Medical Army Corps. There had been many committees of investigation after previous wars, but Governments are now more democratic, and as they reap the advantage of the support of the electorate so are proportionately sensitive to criticism, even if misplaced; and in 1900 the Cabinet appointed a Royal Commission, consisting of a Lord Justice of Appeal, two doctors and two eminent civilians, to inquire in London and throughout the seat of war concerning the treatment of the sick and wounded. The Commissioners came to the conclusion that the main cause of complaint was the insufficiency of the Royal Medical Army Corps, the constant requests of its chiefs for larger establishments having been consistently refused. Up to September 1899 there were 20,000 soldiers in South Africa, then 30,000 were added monthly until July 1900, after which 11,000 more were landed every month.

In September 1899 there were in South Africa thirty military doctors and 270 subordinates. During the war the number employed amounted to 900 doctors, 400 nurses, and 6400 subordinates; but they had to deal with the non-effectives of 230,000 soldiers not only stationed, but moving all over a roadless continent, the military operations on which extended 1100 miles from north to south and 600 miles from east to west.

The Commissioners, after stating that a very small proportion of the doctors were unfit, reported that "the

medical officers never spared themselves, showed great devotion to duty, both at the front and in the fixed hospitals . . . the unselfish way in which they attended to the sick and wounded, often at the risk of life, has been recognised by all impartial witnesses"; and then went on to record that the Home and Cape Town base authorities met promptly all the requisitions on them, and that all witnesses of experience in other wars were practically unanimous that, "taking it all in all, in no campaign have the sick and wounded been so well looked after".

The annual medical reports and the journal mentioned below indicate clearly how the Army Medical Department has advanced in scientific knowledge. At Poona, in the Bombay Presidency, the ratios per 1000 of admissions for venereal diseases have fallen gradually from 416 in 1903 to 70 in 1906. The annual report for 1907 shows an all-round improvement. Malta fever has been practically stamped out since the doctors discovered its originating causes, and with the compulsory cessation of the use of goats' milk, which contained the fever germs, the number of admissions to hospital has dropped successively for three years from 643 to 161 and 111 cases.

The troops in India have benefited greatly from the improvement in medical science and from the increased knowledge of the doctors as regards sanitation. In the forty years between Waterloo and the Crimea campaign, according to Colonel Tulloch, nearly 100,000 Europeans perished in India from preventable causes. For the first half of this period the Army numbered 25,000 men, and later was raised to 40,000. The terrible mortality, mainly in Bengal, was the result of a want of sanitary knowledge in the selection of cantonments. Apart from humane considerations, the monetary loss alone, irrespective of that of invalided soldiers, amounted to £10,000,000.

Formerly the most dreaded station was Mian Mir, the Lahor cantonment. There in 1879 the admissions per 1000 men from fever alone were 3427 and from all causes 4700. Ten years ago the average of admissions was 2000 per 1000, but it has dropped gradually one or two hundred annually until last year, when it was 650 per 1000. It is natural that the number of constantly sick in India should be higher than it is in the United Kingdom, and it is still double; but now those in command appreciate the financial as well as the humanitarian importance of the question.

No one has attributed to the present Commander-in-Chief in India an excess of sentiment, but his reported determination of naming first for employment on service the healthiest corps, irrespective of their peace station, is likely to make all ambitious regimental officers strong supporters of the doctors, so further improvement may be expected.

The change in the Medical Department within the writer's Staff service, which began over fifty years ago, is indeed remarkable. All officers who can recall the events of the late 'sixties must remember the strenuous opposition to the abolition of the Regimental Hospital system—opposition by the regimental officers, and by the majority of the doctors. Old officers must realise now the great advantage of the change, but it is probable that few laymen appreciate the immensity of the advance. It may to some extent be appreciated by a perusal of the "Monthly Journal" of the Royal Army Medical Corps, published without State aid, and which even to a combatant officer without any medical knowledge shows how the standard of professional knowledge is rising. The association of doctors with the Gymnastic Staff will not only prevent injury being caused by zealous instruction without anatomical knowledge, but will tend to keep the true principle in view: that the object of all physical training is to increase the working capacity of the soldier.

The Army Council has recently decided that sanitation shall in future form one of the subjects for examination for promotion for junior regimental officers. The importance of this step may be judged by recalling that in the first Army Staff ride, carried out in 1897, there were no medical officers employed. Now their attendance and instruction is generally assumed as being essential.

In the Scottish Command by means of a "Station

Sanitary Book " the officer in command and the officer in medical charge have been brought into close and effective relations.

All this is satisfactory, but more remains to be done. I am convinced from my experience of thirty years as a General that the Army doctors should be regarded not merely as healers of sick and wounded, but as trusted Staff officers to advise their chiefs how to guard the troops against the originating and spreading of disease, and thus maintain the numbers of effectives in a campaign. This will result not only in the increasing of fire effect, but will raise immensely the fighting value of the troops, and will incidentally enable us to reduce the costly and cumbersome hospital establishments and transport.

"THE BACCHAE": WITH A NOTE ON SARDOU.

By MAX BEERBOHM.

AT the Court Theatre last Tuesday afternoon Professor Gilbert Murray's beautiful version of "The Bacchae" was performed, and will be performed there again next Tuesday afternoon. Several times, in these columns, I have enumerated the reasons why Greek drama must fail of its effect, and must be more or less tedious, in a theatre constructed on the modern pattern. I have not, however, shaken people's firm belief that they enjoy this drama under these conditions very much indeed. If I doggedly persisted in reiterating my arguments, I might, within a few years, persuade some of these people that what they take to be aesthetic enjoyment is really nothing but moral pleasure in the doing of what they take to be a duty. To me it is always a pleasure to tell the truth. It must be an added pleasure to convince people of the truth. But is the victory worth the struggle? Is the acceptance of a truth reward enough for the awful boredom of having enunciated that same truth ninety and nine times? There is a limit to my capacity for reiteration. Call me selfish, if you will: I cannot trot out again my demonstration of the inherent wrongness of Greek drama in modern theatres. All I can do is to make a few remarks about the particular faults in this production at the Court Theatre—faults that come not of the nature of things, but of the unwisdom of the producer.

As the Court is one of the smallest two theatres in London, it would have been hard to find a place so unsuited to Greek drama. Most of our theatres are, I am convinced, too big for our own drama. Realistic comedy and tragedy (which are the only two forms that at present have any real vitality) stand a far better chance of proper interpretation in a small theatre than in a big one. The players appear life-sized there, and can behave naturally; and such subtlety as they may have is not lost for us. Also, the smallness of the stage helps our illusion of the background. The persons of such modern plays as matter do not dwell in palaces, or wander on plains: their venue is in ordinary drawing-rooms and dining-rooms, which cannot on the average-sized stage be presented illusively. Space, on the other hand, is essential to a right presentment of Greek drama; and pokiness is fatal. The Chorus was no mere accident, was the root, of that drama. Round and round a spacious arena, beneath the sky, circled the Chorus. If the ceiling of the Court were painted sky-blue, and if all the stalls were removed from the floor, to make way for the Chorus, we might get something of the right effect. Again, if the Chorus, drilled by some scholarly ballet-master, appeared on the stage of some very large theatre, against an airy background, there might be a passable substitute for what is needed. On the stage of the Court the Chorus cut a lamentable figure indeed. In the middle of the stage, as set, there was just room for three young ladies to revolve, by dint of taking great care and keeping very close together. And these were the wild maidens of Dionysus' retinue—maidens filled with a mystic ecstasy that causes them to rush headlong down pine-clad slopes and tear fauns and such-like creatures limb from limb in honour of their inspiring master. And to add to the gloom and discomfort of their effect, the front

of the stage was occupied by four other cramped young ladies, immobile in attitudes of the deepest dejection, and looking like nothing so much as drawings by some not at all gifted imitator of Simeon Solomon. These, too, were Maenads, and were singing songs of the wildest lyric passion. Singing? It was not that. I hardly know what it was. Imagine a sound midway between the howling of dogs locked out in a yard by night and the intoning of the Communion Service by curates with very bad colds in the head, and you will have some notion of the noises made by these Maenads. I have said that their songs themselves were of the wildest lyric passion: I possess a book of the words. Few of these words could be distinguished: I was conscious only of the dismal, penitential, intolerable drone. It alone would have been quite enough to wreck "The Bacchae", to dispel the faintest semblance of the spirit of Greek drama. But, so as to leave nothing to chance, the producer had been careful to elaborate a stage-setting exactly in accord to the maudlin and moping spirit of the Chorus. Space, air, light—that is the effect that is needed, of course. Will you believe that the background was wholly shrouded in curtains of dark purple cloth—sombrous, heavy, ominous curtains that admitted never a chink of Greek daylight, and gave to the little stage the appearance of a chapelle ardente without candles? It was with some difficulty that I restrained myself from leaping on to the stage and pulling these curtains down—upon the heads of the Chorus. It would have been a good way of showing my reverence for poor Euripides. Yet I suppose the very dismalness of the production was a sign of the deep and awful reverence that Euripides inspires in the producer. "Hush! We are in the presence of the Mighty Dead! Let us shut out the light, and pull long faces, and make snuffing noises." As a memorial performance, nothing could have been in better taste.

Between lugubriousness and tragic dignity there is a vast difference, and lack of tragic dignity did not at all prevent the majority of the principal mimes from being lugubrious. Miss Lillah McCarthy was the only one of them who was tragically dignified. It is a dangerous thing for a woman to impersonate a man, except in Christmas pantomime; but Dionysus, after all, was not a man, but a god, and a "girl-faced" god. Miss McCarthy, in appearance, answered quite well to our idea of Dionysus. And not in appearance only: her imagination had been at work, and there was a keen sense of the supernatural in her whole rendering of the part. She stood out from the rest not merely in virtue of her elocution, the value she gave to the verse, but also because she was the only one to whom her part was a living thing, and not just a difficult and depressing experiment. The only fault I could find in her performance was that she did not suggest the *humour* of Dionysus in the scene when Pentheus appears dressed as a woman. Of course this scene (when presented to the eye of the spectator) cannot be taken seriously: it is an instance of Euripides' fondness for comic relief in tragedy. I rather regret that fondness; but there it is, and there is no use in representing Dionysus as perfectly grave in the presence of Pentheus. Indeed, it is worse than useless: it makes Dionysus himself ridiculous. Especially is this so if Pentheus assumes, as he does at the Court, a shrill falsetto. I doubt whether Euripides intended him to do that, and I wonder that the producer at the Court allowed it. However, this effect is not so ludicrous as that of the scene in which Agave enters after slaying her son. As you may remember, this ought to be the most awe-inspiring scene in the play. Agave, full of sacred frenzy, rushes on in triumph, thinking that the severed head she bears in her hands is the head of a lion, slain to the glory of the god. What do we behold? A young lady, apparently quite young enough to be the daughter of the impersonator of Pentheus, and clad in a grass-green dress that strikes the most fearsome discord against the purple curtains, executing a very tame little skirt-dance, and twittering her triumph, while she timidly waggles in the air the head of a white plaster cast from the antique! She makes it rather hard for us to behave with the gravity that befits a memorial performance.

Though Euripides has been dead for twenty-three centuries, and Victorien Sardou for but a few days, Euripides is considerably the nearer man to us. Human characters, and ideas, were his stock-in-trade—just as they are of the few French and English dramatists who interest us to-day. Sardou never had any ideas except for "situations", and in the whole course of his vivid and honourable career created not one human character. When he wrote historical plays, the heroes or heroines of history became as lifeless as the creatures of his own fancy—mere wheels for the grinding of "situations". Fashion veers. Perhaps before the present century has run its course Sardouism will have as great a vogue as it had in the 'seventies and 'eighties of the century that is past. Meanwhile, peace to the ashes of a brilliant man who had long survived our interest in him.

MELBA AND HER MEANING.

By FILSON YOUNG.

THE peoples who speak and think in English are lovers of performance; they like acting, but take little interest in the drama; they enjoy eating, but bring no art to the preparation of their food; they adore the skilful producers of musical sensation, and rather dislike music as an art; they prefer singers to singing and singing to songs. Hence Melba.

For the word "Melba" has come to mean more than an artist possessed of perhaps the most perfect vocal organ of her day. It has come to mean crowded audiences, doubled prices, long packed lines of motor-cars and carriages, rows upon rows of waiting footmen, flowers, emotions, a golden superfluity of money, and that touch of solemnity with which we crown our enthusiasms. In a word, Melba has become a convention; and in raising her to that level the Anglo-Saxon world has conferred upon her the most cherished patent at its disposal. Everything that Melba means could be seen and studied in the Albert Hall last Saturday afternoon, when many thousands of people spent thousands of pounds and thousands of hours of life to hear her sing a few songs of farewell before her departure for an absence of two years from our shores. The ugliest and most expensive building in London, the loveliest and most expensive voice in the world; thousands of pounds, thousands of people, with the busy unemployed shivering and gliding in a haunting circle round the Albert Hall, and having no doubt their own thoughts on the matter—these make the available material for the consideration of what Melba means in her relation to life and music at this time.

I have described Melba as an artist, which she undoubtedly is; but I very much doubt whether she could justly be described as a musician in the highest sense of the word. To the investors of nine hundred out of every thousand pounds that was spent in hearing her last Saturday this statement will appear to be untrue; some will feel it to be impertinent, more will consider it amazingly ignorant, and not a few will regard it as a kind of faint blasphemy and in rather bad taste. Yet it is not impertinent to examine critically the title to so gigantic a reputation as Melba has achieved. I am not ignorant on the subject of music; I have too much reverence for elements of truth and beauty in musical art to be capable of blasphemy; and with all earnestness and sobriety I affirm that although Melba's voice is the most beautiful that I in my day and generation have heard her influence upon musical art and taste in this country has been on the whole an undesirable and mischievous influence. It seems a horribly ungrateful thing to write while I am still stirred with the memory of those most beautiful tones, so deliciously human and yet so unearthly in their sweetness, and it seems a dangerously narrow and pedantic view to take of an artistic gift that has the magnificent power of evoking such huge human enthusiasms and affections. But it is necessary in the case of a singer who, successfully or otherwise, offers her voice for gold to distinguish between the singer and the singing, the singing and the song.

I said that our public prefers singing to songs; a

condition of things that makes possible the immense popular superiority of means as compared with ends. Whence Melba; whence also, it must be confessed, the mechanical piano-player and the gramophone. For in describing some of the things for which the word "Melba" stands I omitted one and perhaps the most important of all the things with which her name is associated in my mind—the gramophone. I fear that the gramophone, like the motor-car, has "come to stay". It has been so dreadfully improved, its grotesque reproductions of the human voice have been so monstrously approximated to the real thing, that its position is assured; and there is hardly a country house in England in which, straying unsuspectingly into some tapestried gallery or vaulted hall, you are not liable to be affronted by the sight of a monstrous trumpet sitting on a little table and emitting, after initial rasp and buzz, the loud, nasal and metallic travesty of Melba's heavenly voice. It is true that there are few singers or performers of any great eminence who have not played or sung into the gramophone, and who in doing so have not (in my opinion) committed the sin of blasphemy; but I think that no one has done so much to make that deadly instrument popular as Melba has done, and that therefore she is the greatest sinner.

In the career of every artist there comes a supreme moment when she or he must choose between two services—of art or of self. While the artist is actually studying and qualifying, this choice is hardly offered; he is all artist then, because he is learning and trying to grasp and achieve a command of his art; the artist is always a learner, and the true learner is in some degree an artist. But with achievement and mastery come recognition and applause, come opportunity and power. The artist has become a master, a teacher, endowed with that subtle quality that lays the world at his bidding; when he may either make his followers glorify him or glorify his art. The choice is between serving his art or making it serve him. For the artist who remains true there can be no choice; he must go on serving and learning. It is many years now since Madame Melba reached the cross-roads at which the choice was offered to her; and I am afraid that since then she has learned nothing more of music, and has bound her art in golden chains to the service of herself. There was a singular instance of this to be observed at her concert last Saturday. In the arias by Verdi and Donizetti, which were written by masters in the art of displaying the voice, her performance left nothing to be wished for; Verdi and Donizetti knew their business too well. But in Mr. Landon Ronald's song-cycle "Summertime", a work demanding far higher artistic qualities in its rendering than these, because vocally inferior to them, Madame Melba showed very clearly her conception of the relations between singer and composer. The point for the moment has nothing to do with the merit of Mr. Ronald's composition. It was deemed worthy by Madame Melba to be sung before some thousands of people who had paid a great deal of money for their seats; and in such circumstances there is only one thing for the artist to do if she has any respect for herself, her audience, the composer, or the art of music—to spare no effort or inquiry or pains to bring out every fragment of meaning and beauty that there may be in the composition. What happened on Saturday was that Madame Melba sang these four little songs in a way that, if I had been Mr. Landon Ronald, would have made me turn hot and cold alternately. It was not only that the ideas which Mr. Landon Ronald had attempted to express were apparently unsympathetic to Madame Melba, and that she had not a clear conception of how these four little songs should be sung; it was that she made no attempt to disguise her complete lack of interest in such passages (and they were many) that did not lend themselves to the display of her voice. It was so obvious that these little songs were beneath her contempt; the passages in which the lyrical expression was given to the accompaniment instead of to the voice were so hurried and slurred over in the main business of getting to the high note or the beautiful winging cadences of tone that are Melba's secret, that poor Mr. Landon Ronald's secret (supposing him to have had one) remained untold. This is a small instance, but it is enough.

If these songs were bad songs, or not worth Madame Melba's trouble to sing as well as she was able, their appearance on her programme is wholly inexcusable; if they were good songs or deemed by her worthy to be sung to her audience, her neglect to sing them with respect, with care, and with all the mastery of which she is capable is equally inexcusable. It is the sign of the true artist that he glorifies everything he touches and puts new meaning and new life into the meaning and life around him, that he takes a small thing and transmutes it by his art into a great thing. But Madame Melba, apparently finding no meaning in these songs, had no meaning of her own to bring to them; and if she found them a small thing she certainly made them no greater, since they issued from her magic throat a considerably smaller thing than when they left the composer's brain; and if when she came into her kingdom some years ago she found perhaps not a great deal of meaning in English music, she has assuredly added no meaning to it; and as she found English musical taste (as opposed to the taste of first-rate performances of music) a small thing, so I fear it must be said that she leaves it to-day, in so far as her individual influence is concerned, a smaller thing.

It is true that she is leaving us for two years; but the gramophone remains. Melba may come and go, her exquisite, wonderful voice, lent to her for a little while, that has thrilled so many hearts and stirred so many emotions, will wane and lose its loveliness and finally sink into silence. But those durable marks on the cylinders and waxen plates, dots and lines almost invisible, will remain; packed in air-proof cases, stacked in warehouses all over the world, they will wait in silence their deadly opportunity; and when the beautiful voice itself is perhaps no longer there to give the lie to them they will proclaim their raucous travesty of Melba and give their garbled version of deeds done in the body.

ACTING AND CHARACTER.

By WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

ISAAC DISRAELI, commenting on an egregious observation in a "junior periodical" that biographies must lead to melancholy because they were lives of the dead, wrote that "It would have been more reasonable had the critic discovered that our country has not yet had her Plutarch, and that our biography remains still little more than a mass of compilation". If we have not yet had a Plutarch, since the long-ago days when the last volumes—there were originally six—of the "Curiosities of Literature" made their first appearance, there have been biographies, some of them quite recent, which have in no way been open to the reproach contained in the passage quoted. Not the less it holds a distinctly wholesome warning for all time to those who take up the task of biography, which is more beset with pitfalls than is generally suspected by readers or fully apprehended by writers. The difficulties are more insistent in the biography of a man whose name and memory are still very present to us, as are Henry Irving's, than in that, to take an extreme case, of Romulus as related by Plutarch. It is not always the objects nearest either to bodily or to mental vision that are the most easily portrayed in such a fashion that their definition may be both complete and clear.

Difficulties of this kind beset Mr. Brereton's "Life of Henry Irving",* which contains many interesting passages, and is excellently adorned with colotype plates and other illustrations. Yet one cannot but reflect how much better it would have been as a book in its quiddity if the author had but read and marked to practical purpose Isaac Disraeli's comment on biographies at large. I do not suppose that many readers will take a more lively interest than I do in huge masses of newspaper reports or in criticisms whereof the memory was effaced by Henry Irving long before the striking end of his great career. One can scarce see any object in angry comments made nowadays on such criticisms, many of them written by men of unim-

peachably honest purpose. Not the less, as above said, there are many points of interest to be discovered by a patient student, especially in the well-told story of Irving's early days and of his hard struggles with varying fortune in the provinces until, settled in London, he astonished even his admirers by his performance of Mathias in "The Bells". For instance, one learns how "about 1854" young "Mr. Brodribb", as Irving then was (he was born in 1838), during residence in London, "enlisted the sympathy of a member of Phelps' company, William Hoskins, who was so much impressed by the earnestness and capability of the boy that he rendered him far more assistance than strict duty demanded of him". In the result the young aspirant was introduced to Phelps, who, after trying vainly to dissuade him from a stage career, offered him an engagement at Sadler's Wells. It was declined gratefully, as it clashed with a firm resolve to begin in the provinces.

This is a key-note to one side, and that a very important one, of Irving's character throughout his life and career; and that character was the secret of his genius, overcoming all difficulties, cannot be doubted. Another example of the foresight and determination which served him for so many years is found in his later resolve to return to provincial drudgery rather than carry through a London engagement barren of promise. It was a combination of these qualities which enabled him to appear and gain his first true triumph in "The Bells", a play which, as I now learn for the first time, had been previously offered to the then manager of the Lyceum and promptly rejected by him. This, as Mr. Brereton says, "made Irving's fight all the harder. Moreover, Bateman had in his mind the popular idea of a burgomaster, and, looking at the slender figure before him, laughed in the actor's face. 'You a burgomaster!' he exclaimed, in good-natured derision, and would hear no more of the subject. The resolution of the actor was not to be shaken. He took advantage of his opportunity and pressed his suit with renewed ardour. The manager, as a last resort, yielded to the earnest entreaty of the actor, and consented to give his views a trial." Once he had yielded, the manager took all pains to help on the play, and rehearsals were assiduous, though most of the company thought Irving "bereft of his senses".

The failure of a rival version increased their gloom and his determination. The first performance of the play was given, on 25 November 1871, to an audience of few and indifferent spectators, who, however, like those who went to see Edmund Kean as Shylock, were presently worked up to an enthusiasm of which they had not dreamt. This was the turning-point of Irving's career; and it may well set one thinking on the part played by what looks like chance in the lives of men who, in various callings, have begun with small opportunities and have, by character, risen to the top of the tree. If one takes Irving's case one notes that he had made a hit in comedy at the S. James' Theatre, another and a greater hit in the eccentric character of Digby Grant at the Vaudeville, and that after these two successes he accepted an engagement at the Lyceum which was necessarily of secondary importance since Mr. Bateman at first relied on a capable low comedian as the protagonist in his company. Questions rise unbidden to the mind as one looks at these facts, which, taken together, are curious enough. One remembers that the actor, with a name already made in renderings of villainy in different kinds and degrees, as in parts belonging to light and eccentric comedy, was taking, of a set purpose to which he had over-persuaded his manager, what was indeed a leap in the dark. I have never heard just exactly how his attention was first called, by L. Lewis, the translator, to Erckmann-Chatrian's "Le Juif Polonais". Certainly no one but Irving had then perceived in the part of the murderer from despair, who afterwards becomes the prosperous and respected head of his village, those possibilities of a searching psychological study and of an original powerful impersonation which he turned to instant and thrilling account. Doubtless he foresaw, more or less clearly, what would follow on this impersona-

* "The Life of Henry Irving." By Austin Brereton. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1908. 25s. net.

tion if the daring venture proved as successful as he hoped. But what an if that was! Had his forecast been mistaken, or had he failed, as in later days he sometimes did, to bring his own conceptions and emotions home to the hearts and brains of his audience, one can but guess at the possible or probable result. Yet it may well be believed that his force of character would, in the end, have carried him over any obstacles. Chance is a convenient word, and one that may very likely have been applied by Irving in his lighter moods to this crisis. But I feel sure that in times of grave reflection, whether alone or with a sympathetic companion, he would have thought not of chance but of a Divinity that shapes our ends.

In such a Divinity Henry Irving certainly believed; and there can be no harm in repeating, what I have said elsewhere, that the influence which most served to deepen his convictions, and which had indeed a most remarkable effect on his spiritual nature, came through Tennyson's "Becket".

The history of Sir Henry Irving's closing years is, in general terms, matter of common knowledge, and it would be a tragic history indeed but for the fine example set by his absolutely unfailing courage and devotion to his art in the face of disasters, unforeseen and heavy, which came not single spies but in battalions. It seems significant indeed, in connexion with what has just been said about "Becket", that the last words spoken on the stage by the great actor were those put into the mouth of the Archbishop by Tennyson: "Into Thy hands, O Lord!—into Thy hands!"

DARTFORD WARBLERS.

By JOHN WALPOLE-BOND.

I.

THE best chance of being rewarded with some insight into the Dartford Warbler's moods and mode of life is to visit in the spring, and especially in April, some common which from previous experience you know to be a recognised resort of these birds. And yet, so shy, so skulking, and withal so sensitive to the elements are these little furze sprites that on a cold, boisterous day, particularly if the sun has forgotten to shine, you may hang about for well-nigh the entire day without perhaps so much as a glimpse of a single one. Rain and sleet the birds positively detest; wind they disapprove of, though if the sun smiles they will tolerate it. On the right day—and the right day is still and sunny—ten hours judiciously spent in the proper place brings ample reward to the watcher. To begin with, as you approach the tag end of the brake, you may see a dusky-looking, fragile little form rise flutteringly from the far side of a bush, only to dive into it with rapid precision. A little later, and it has threaded its way through several small patches. Then it utters its decidedly harsh call-note (it is certainly one of annoyance as well) of "tirr", a cry as hurried as its author's flight and habits. This cry is usually uttered twice with a scarcely perceptible interval, though after this there is a lapse of several seconds before it is heard again, and so on. Sometimes it sounds like the slurred double syllable of "pt—tirr", and sometimes it is heard as a single or a triple combination. This note is almost unmistakable. It is well to say "almost", seeing that the whitethroat's call of "chirr" is ridiculously like it. And to make matters worse, the whitethroat is frequently met with in the self-same gorse coverts, though of course until the whitethroat has arrived in England—until mid-April at earliest—confusion is impossible. And, naturally, the mistake can only be made failing a sight of the bird that is making the sound. Then the whitethroat frequently supplements its original "chirr" (which it is apt to repeat an indefinite number of times) by a rasping "weet, weet, weet". The Dartford never does. This double "tirr", then, is the normal and almost characteristic call of the Dartford Warbler. I cannot trace any suggestion of the "melodious" "pit-chou", ascribed to the

species by several authors, though probably the error was made by one only, the rest following blindly in his wake.

Further on—a hundred yards perhaps—a pair of Dartfords will scurry from one low gorse-bush into another. They literally dive in. For, although there is no actual rising into the air for a headlong perpendicular or slanting dive, the birds invariably disappear instantaneously into the thick of the selected cache. There is no perceptible pause; apparently not even the most trifling stop. And so mysteriously do the tiny creatures vanish from sight that they appear to have cleft a passage in the gorse by touching some secret self-replacing spring, or there is suggested a magic parting of the gorse to give the visitors immediate entrance. Now this sudden Jack-in-the-box trick is a perfect characteristic of the Dartford; no other bird I know seeks seclusion in quite the same way. Should the birds have repaired to an isolated bush, you may peradventure by repeated beating flush them. But if the patch is thick, give it up: the case is then hopeless. Supposing you do succeed in driving one out from its shelter, the timorous bird will straightway make for any convenient bush from twenty to forty yards distant, whence, often alighting momentarily only on the topmost spray, it journeys off to another bush and so on, flying low over the intervening ground and bushes. Indeed the flight, though inclining to be rapid, is weak and seldom of any duration or at a greater height than from three to five feet above the earth. A marked peculiarity of the flight is in the movement of the tail, which is worked up and down, though not too spasmodically. The lengthiest and loftiest flight I ever witnessed (though, of course, when the birds relinquish their summer camp they must necessarily fly further) was in a crease of the Sussex downs, when a Dartford, desiring to quit a bed of gorse dotting the flank of a natural amphitheatre, ventured to a strip of mixed gorse bramble and elder fully a quarter-mile away, in the valley below. The flight was, if anything, weaker than usual, more wavering and quite top-heavy, as if the rather long tail, held in a direct line with the back, upset the balance. Seen under these conditions the bird reminded me of a somewhat deformed long-tailed tit which had lately been sojourning in the purlieu of a remarkably smoky city.

But generally you first exchange greetings with the Dartford Warbler this way. Drawing near to a ridge of gorse some five feet in height, you suddenly hear the familiar "tirr". In fact, you nearly always hear the note before sighting the musician. For with its far sharper eyes it detects you first, and in consequence sets up a cry of defiance. Cast round sharply in the direction of the sound and you will mark down your quarry perched, jauntily and pugnacious-looking, with crest erect and throat feathers puffed out, on a spike of gorse, very frequently on the highest point of the highest available bush, as if to command the utmost range. But he—for it is usually the male which shows up on the spikes, the female being far more retiring in disposition—is never a good sitter. He is a restless little chap, full of whims and caprices. He must for ever be on the move. First he flies off to another bush fifteen yards away, only to re-alight on its waving pincushion summit, where he pauses just long enough to show you how well he can flick his tail and shuffle his wings. And he calls incessantly, though never when on the wing. Then, after a second brief flight, he finds himself on a peculiarly pointed spur of gorse, where his hold is so slight that a gust of wind fairly catches him and compels him to pivot clean round, when, with sadly ruffled plumes, he takes on the style of a villainously stuffed bird. His fan-like tail is spread to its uttermost, and even now, as nearly always, it is held fairly erect, though never so erect as the wren's. But occasionally it lies little higher than the plane of the body, seldom below that point. For two or three all too brief minutes you may woo this bird, then like a flash he is lost in the impenetrable tangle. And, no matter how patiently you may wait in that spot, you will probably court solitude for hours as far as he is concerned.

Generally the Dartford Warbler may be distinguished

by its dusky appearance, its rather long tail, and weak, undulating flight. But when viewed really close at hand or when "glassed" at a further range, it is quite a pretty bird. In a moderately good light the male's upper parts look of a greyish-brown tint, though grey or brown predominate according to the point of view; whilst his under-garb is pinkish, fading on the belly to nearly white. When the tail is spread, a little white is discernible on the outermost feathers. The average book assigns a yellow eye to the bird, but those which I have examined through binoculars appear to have red irises. The female is very similar in appearance, only her colours are chastened. With a full sun to burnish his colours a male Dartford is a singularly handsome fellow. For then his head and cheeks take on a clear slaty-blue tint; his back looks greyer than ever, whilst his breast shines a deliciously vivid hue of pink.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 Boulter Street, Oxford, 30 October 1908.

SIR,—As it is difficult to get any kind of intelligible appreciation of South African affairs, from the colonial farming point of view, I send you the following from one well acquainted with the country from whom I have received several communications of a similar description. As I have been to the colonies myself, I can vouch for the accuracy of the writer. He says:

"I am pleased you are still taking a lively interest in South African affairs. You may remember I told you in my last letter that 'when the country was in the hands of the Dutch from the Cape to the Limpopo' then the fun would commence'. I am sorry to say that so far as poor old Cape Colony is concerned my worst fears have been more than confirmed. I have no hesitation in saying, and my firm belief is, that the Bond has determined to drive every Britisher out of the country. All who could have left, all who can are going, hundreds every month, and those who are left are not only under 'Bondage', but they have 'to make bricks without straw'. Your friend Merriman, the nominal head of the Government, has chastised us with scorpions. Depression and retrenchment was bad enough before, but it was mild to the present whip. The magnanimity of the Jameson Government gave the rebels a term of disfranchisement where every other Government would have deported or shot them; on the term being up, a 'steam-roller' majority in Parliament was assured for them, and taxation, retrenchment and retirement is the order of the day. We have now a £50 income tax of 10s., increased burdens for education, reduced facilities, increase of railway rates, with the result a falling revenue, depletion of population, destruction of local markets, bankruptcy, stagnation. You will say this is a sorry picture and overdrawn. I wish to God it were. I know hundreds who would follow the footsteps of the more fortunate ones who were able to clear out; but my property is unrealisable, my farm produce finds no market, and as my all is sunk in this country it seems very like my having to wish with it. For be very sure of one thing, and you can't bear it in mind too strongly, that the Dutchman, now firmly established through British magnanimity and unparalleled generosity, is slim enough to see to it that he is 'top dog' for all time. Now think what this means. It is no more or less than the fulfilment of the sentiment expressed by J. X. Merriman, the Premier, at Victoria West, when he said 'he thanked God this was not a manufacturing country'. And why? For the same reason the moment we get a set of industries started which means an influx of white population, that moment the balance of power is changed. Therefore, though there may be an attempt at agricultural development, it will be for the purpose of fostering an export trade; but there will never be any attempt at fostering manufacturing industries, for

that step is fatal to Bond or Dutch power. We must not give expression to these ideas on public platforms because it is 'racialism'; but watch closely the trend of events at the Convention for closer union in Durban, and see if I am not borne out in my conclusions. Do not expect we are going to reach closer union. I told you before it will split on the native question. The Cape natives have the franchise by protest right from the Imperial Government, and no Convention dare take it away: our Bond delegates will make a brave show of standing up for them, but it will be 'a hollow farce'. The funny thing is our Progressive delegates will put up an honest fight, but the Progressive delegates of the Transvaal, Orange River Colony, and Natal will not support them, for the simple reason it was a great mistake to give the franchise to natives in a state of barbarism; and to say that they are qualified to-day is begging the question. There are a few sufficiently educated, but they are only a drop in the vast ocean. It is almost impossible to realise that Constitution gives the native the same status as a white man and yet protects him in his barbarous and immoral habits and rights which no white man dare approximate. And yet your 'Exeter Hall crowd' idolise him. However, I say: Carefully watch the process to be initiated at Durban. The trouble over the Asiatics in the Transvaal and the Imperial Government will be child's play to what is in front of them over the union of South African States. It is said the final decision will be entrusted to a referendum of the people. Quite so; don't you see now the policy of driving the Britishers out of the country? A referendum means simply submitting a decision to the electors who placed in power 'steam-roller' majorities in the Parliaments of the Orange River Colony, Transvaal, and Cape Colony. Natal and Rhodesia don't count; Portugal and Delagoa Bay are of more account than either. You may well say, 'Is there no bright spot—no hope for the future?' I see many of our prominent men are optimistic. Gold-mining is on the up grade and the cloud is lifting over the Transvaal. Once Johannesburg was a name to conjure with for Cape Colony, but it is no longer of value. Both Boer and Britisher of the Transvaal have a greater love for the foreign port of Delagoa Bay. So that, as far as our colony is concerned, I see no 'bright spot' or hope for the immediate future. Certainly South Africa is a country of surprises, but as our only hope as farmers is to develop an export trade, this necessarily must be a delayed hope and will take a few years to mature in the meantime—yes, this is the question which exercises us. At any rate, it does not deprive us of our chance of heaven."

Considering what this country has cost us one way and another, and that General Botha is now cock of the walk, I am of opinion that the subject is worth all the consideration it is likely to get.

HENRY PASH.

THE EMPEROR AND THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 November.

SIR,—Are we not apt to forget that heads, even when crowned, remain the heads of human beings? Do not even the most magnanimous of human beings vary in thought day by day—now praise their enemies, now abuse their friends?

Prince Bülow and the Berlin Foreign Office have cleared themselves—by proof of carelessness. Is it not possible the truth as to the Emperor William has not been revealed?

Suppose—following Goldsmith's bailiff—we "set in case" a certain possibility.

William the Second, though an emperor and king, still remains intensely human. And his humanity declares itself in that at passing times he opens his thought of the moment to those near—he can talk as courteously with Tom, Dick, or Harry, chance met, as with one who is *hoffähig*. An English politician, globe-trotter, or journalist shows him—carelessly—a *réchauffé* of various

statements he, the Emperor, has made during the last six months, and—honestly—suggests publication as tending to goodwill between England and Germany. The Emperor—as carelessly as Prince Bülow—glances over what is shown him and—carelessly—consents to publication, trusting the honesty of his interlocutor.

Careless, impolitic, of William the Emperor if you will, but revealing a touch of nature in the man—son of a German father and English mother.

It may be good that the press of our time has broken down the divinity that hedges kings, but we must leave to our rulers the rights of humanity.

Your obedient servant,
M.A. TRIN. COLL. CAM.

THE SMOKING HABIT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Brigstock, Thrapston, 10 November 1908.

SIR,—I find it somewhat difficult to reply to Mr. T. Ronaldson Smith for the very simple reason that his letter is no answer to mine. He will kindly excuse my bluntness. The point in his first letter was a good one—men should not smoke because it is mischievous. I took up his point and showed that it was mischievous because it suppressed the vital force. The vital force is essential to life. It is the driving-power for the machinery. It was because of this suppression of the vital force that we had lost our fevers and had chronic diseases abounding instead. Mr. Smith, instead of dealing with this point, goes off at a tangent and deals with questions quite foreign to our subject. I will deal with his present points, and then, with your kind permission, Mr. Editor, return to this again.

"Vaccination."—On this point the authorities are much divided. I have written a book on this subject, and, as the question is so important, I shall be glad to send a copy to any reader who will do me the favour of writing. This is eminently a parent's question. Every parent ought to read and judge for himself. I maintain it to be a question for the laity. The question is too big to discuss in a letter. May I challenge Mr. Smith, therefore, to give us a few reasons for it? I know many against it. I do not know a single one for it. Mr. John Burns, and he is a layman, does not think much of its value, or he would not make, as he has done, the provisions less stringent.

"Homœopathy."—Why again raise this question? It is as foreign to the subject as vaccination. The allopathic principle claims to cure by "another disease". It claims to cure by the like. Both cannot be right. Which is right? But how would a solution help us here? I confess I do not see the connexion. But I may be dense. Perhaps Mr. Smith will help in the solution of the difficulty.

"The Feverish New Yorker."—Who is he? The Electrics "claim to cure fevers without medicaments at all, and to lose no patients". Are these the feverish ones? I fail again entirely to see the connexion.

"The febrile Britisher is too much taken up with his super-combustion within to enjoy combustion without." This is too high for me, I cannot attain unto it. I must leave the oracle to speak again. The voice next time may explain.

"To leave all cases alone is a counsel fraught with much danger."—May I challenge Mr. Smith again? He cannot prove this point. I will reserve for the present my experience on the question. I may assure him that I did not make the assertions in my first letter with insufficient data.

"Thousands of fevers . . . are saved . . . who assists Nature . . ."—Nature wants no assistance in fever. She will not brook it. She needs nothing so much as to be left alone. Besides, there are not "thousands of cases of fever". Where are they? Chronic diseases meet us at every turn. Fevers! almost never.

Now, Mr. Editor, kindly let me say, by way of concluding this rather long letter, that I have just visited on two occasions, and this for scientific purposes, Saccho,

the man who is fasting fifty-two days in Birmingham. He is smoking a lot. I expected to find what I discovered. Your readers may like to know that they may find in their throats the evidences of the mischief smoking is doing. I expected, and I did find on examining his throat, that Saccho was suppressing his vital force, so much so that the whole apparatus was wanting in driving power. In other words, he was suffering comparatively nothing from his fast; but he was doing enormous mischief to his system generally. This is difficult to explain in a few words, but the fact remains.

The importance of the question is my apology for asking the favour this letter requires.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
J. P. SANDLANDS.

HOMŒOPATHIC VACCINATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 Bolton Street W. 10 November 1908.

SIR,—I am sorry to run counter to the pious wish of Mr. Thomas Ronaldson Smith, but if he really does not wish to provoke discussion, he should abstain from using provocative language. When he says that homœopathy is a subject "of little importance to our population" he says that which is contrary to fact. To all those who know homœopathy, whether as practitioners or as practised-upon, homœopathy is a subject of first-rate importance; and it is only ignorance on the part of the others which prevents its being of the same importance to them. A hundred years ago electricity was "a subject of little importance to our population", because "our population" knew little about it. But its intrinsic importance was without limits. And so it is with homœopathy. But the knowledge and practice of homœopathy are more prevalent now than Mr. Thomas Ronaldson Smith seems to think. Take away from modern so-called orthodox practice all that is essentially homœopathic—vaccination, tuberculin treatment, opsonic treatment, and scores of other methods which consist of treating likes with likes—and there will be found to be very little left except the aperients, astrinents, and tonics of our forefathers. The modern imitators of homœopathy are now imitating its methods and are giving their remedies by the mouth instead of injecting them under the skin. The head and front of the offending of ordinary vaccination lies in the fact that it introduces a living disease-germ into the blood and tissues of the patient. It is not a dead germ or a modified poison. Now homœopaths have a method of preparing the virus of any disease, by graduated attenuation, which robs it of all its vitally dangerous powers and converts them into curative or protective powers.

During the last epidemic of small-pox in London hundreds of homœopaths were "internally vaccinated" in this way by myself and other practitioners. In the State of Iowa, in the United States of America, this form of vaccination is practised and is accepted as valid by school and State authorities. In the face of the present-day uses of vaccines for protective and curative purposes I do not see that the same recognition can, with any logical consistency, be denied to it in this country. In Nature likes cure likes and likes prevent likes; and those who would assist Nature must follow Nature's plan and improve upon it. There is no need to do it in the crude method of ordinary vaccination, which taints the blood and inflicts unsightly sores.

I am, Sir, yours &c.,
JOHN H. CLARKE M.D.

SUFFRAGETTE FOLLY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Montreal, Canada.

SIR,—There is no doubt that the suffragettes are making themselves conspicuously silly. Their methods of drawing attention to themselves seem to justify the opinion that women have no sense of honour. Possibly an innate love of the theatrical and delight in playing the martyr blind them to any delicate perception of it.

Or, maybe, it is because man has practised chivalry towards woman for so many generations that woman has at last grown to accept it as a matter of course, and the quality of the sentiment goes unappreciated, unperceived—just as we see unselfish conduct developing selfishness in those for whom it is exercised.

Who has not observed the way in which a woman will take a mean advantage of her "weakness" to gain her point, forcing the man to the choice of conceding (against his own judgment) or acting in a way that chivalry forbids?

I remember once, walking through a very poor quarter of the town, coming upon a half-drunken man whose wife, close at his elbow, kept up a perpetual flow of exasperating, noisy scolding, her voice sometimes rising to a shriek: "Now strike me, you brute! Go on! Strike me!" I could not help admiring (and marvelling at) the man's self-restraint in that he merely cursed her, although she was within easy striking distance. Undoubtedly the woman had her point of view, but her way of drawing attention to it was deplorable.

As to the franchise itself, one cannot but feel that such unseemly haste is unnecessary, especially when there are so many much more important things at stake. It is fairly safe to prophesy that the world will continue to revolve around the sun even after the franchise has become a fact. It is childish to suppose that the huge wheel of government will be greatly affected by a few more flies sticking to it—moving, as it does, by the iron laws of necessity (too slowly perhaps to keep pace with human progress), but not by a few hostile members of the opposite sex, as the suffragettes would have one believe.

After all, the whole movement of woman's suffrage is but one small manifestation of the eternal law of the struggle for existence. Neither lack of sympathy nor foolish disparagement of my own sex leads me to express an opinion, but a sense of proportion merely.

In the meantime no harm is done by quietly qualifying for position (always more essential than obtaining it), and the first thing for women to learn is the cultivation of a sense of honour. At least, that is the humble (and all too ignorant) view of one obscure but sincere admirer and reader of the SATURDAY REVIEW. M. M.

THE ANTI-VERMIN SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

95 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square,
London W. 11 November 1908.

SIR,—The shoal of correspondence which this society has received since the publication of its scheme for employing carefully selected members of the unemployed in the work of cleansing verminous dwellings affords convincing proof that the apathy of the public to the presence of a social cancer of considerable magnitude in its midst is giving place to a lively apprehension of its gravity.

That vermin is largely responsible for various human scourges is now freely acknowledged; therefore the cleansing of verminous dwellings is an important phase of the science of preventive medicine.

It is, however, easier to establish the fact that appalling conditions do exist than to bring about their determination. We have, for instance, a Verminous Persons Act, but there is no such thing as a Verminous Dwellings Act. Surely this is an anomaly?

Having established harmonious co-operation with various public authorities, we propose to commence operations on Monday, 23 November. It now remains with the public, to whom we again appeal for support, to ensure the continuity of the campaign. Offers of personal assistance, gifts in kind, distempers, disinfectants, &c., will be gladly received. Above all, the Society heartily welcome public discussion and advice.

Yours faithfully,

A. E. MOORE, Secretary.

[There is no need for a Verminous Dwellings Act: the nuisance is covered by the Health Acts, as the Secretary of the Anti-Vermin Society ought to know.—Ed. S.R.]

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

(From the Provençal of Frédéric Mistral.)

*Davalavo, en beïssant lis iue
Dis escalié de Sant-Trophime.*

WITH eyes abased to the ground she came
Down the steps of Saint Trophime;
It was nightfall time, and the holy flame
Of the vesper candles ceased to gleam.
The carven Saints on the portal of stone
Gave her a blessing as she went by,
And from the church to her own mansion
With their eyes they kept her company.

For she was a maiden of wisdom rare,
And young and fair, as all might see;
And never in church at the hour of prayer
Did she laugh or talk in idle glee;
But when the organ's symphonies,
When the solemn chant of psalms was heard,
She dreamed that she walked in Paradise
By angels' mystic hands upreared.

The Saints of stone day after day
Saw how she came forth ever the last
Under the portal's lustrous gray,
As downward into the street she passed.
The Saints of stone, whose heart is love,
Shed over her their guardian grace;
And, when the sweet night was spread above,
They talked of her in the infinite space.

Cried Saint John, "That she spend her days
As a white-robed nun were surely the best,
For the world has trouble in all its ways,
And the convent life is a haven of rest."
Saint Trophime said, "That well I see!
But here in my church I have need of her sore,
For light in the midst of the gloom must be,
And the world has want of one pattern more."

"O brothers mine," Saint Honorat cried,
"This night when the clear moon glimmers bright
O'er the lagoons and meadows wide,
We from our columns shall alight:
It is All-Saints' night and the holy board
For our high honour shall be spread;
At the midnight hour our Saviour Lord
Will in Aliscamp say mass for the dead."

Said Saint Luke, "As you deem me true,
This little maid we will thither convey;
And will set upon her a mantle of blue,
And a fair white robe on her body lay."
The four Saints uttered their hearts' intent,
And swift as the breeze sped toward their goal;
And stooping down from aloft, as they went,
They carried amid them the young maid's soul.

But when the dawn shone forth in the east
The fair young damsel rose from her bed,
And spoke to all of a glorious feast,
Whereto in a dream she was softly led:
She spoke of angels floating in air,
And in Aliscamp of a table laid;
How Saint Trophime was the server there,
And the mass by the Lord Himself was said.*

S. G. OWEN.

* Saint Trophime is the patron saint of the Cathedral of Arles. The Aliscamp, or Elysii campi, is the ancient cemetery of Arles, believed to have been blessed by Christ in person.

REVIEWS.

A HAMPSHIRE HOMELAND.

"Life and Sport in Hampshire." By George A. B. Dewar. London: Longmans. 1908. 10s. 6d. net.

A NEW book by Mr. Dewar will be eagerly welcomed by all lovers of country life. Like an earlier volume on "The Hampshire Highlands", it is an account of wild life and sport in north-east Hampshire, a district of large woods and clear streams and great rolling chalk downs, where the writer's family has been settled for many generations. The book is marked with the charm of literary style, the keen observation, the intense love of nature, the power of description, that we have come to associate with Mr. Dewar's work.

We are first introduced to a large quiet wood of oaks and hazels, standing on the ancestral estate where the author spent his early years. To him there is a peculiar feeling of home about this wood covering a thousand acres. A wood, he tells us, grows very homelike after a time. Many of its distinctive and favourite scenes become as rooms in a house where we were bred. If the old chair or corner cupboard or bookcase at home can appeal to us as a friend, the trees in the wood-home will awake often the same feeling. We carry about memories of old familiar trees for years with us—for a lifetime, indeed—trees we climbed and bird-nested in, where the carrion-crow had its nest, in which the spotted woodpecker made its home, near which the woodcock stayed to breed. There is a sense of mystery, too, about a great wood. The deeper the wood the deeper the mystery. Wild places often seem to have personality after dark. It is as though the marsh and the moorland woke to a sort of consciousness then. But the wood seems to have it even by daylight, and among the woods of hazel and ash one feels this most.

Of birds Mr. Dewar has much to tell us, especially with regard to their flight and song. The study of the flight of birds is most fascinating. We no sooner begin to take an interest in it than the beauty and diversity of natural flight are seen fourfold. The charm of it grows with the watching. The soaring of the seagull, the hovering of the kestrel, the straight hard drives of the partridge are felt to be the most perfect of all animal feats. "All that is athletic and all that is æsthetic in movement here combine." For "miracles of motion" there is nothing perhaps more wonderful than the order and unanimity with which certain birds move in flocks. To see this rhythm of movement in perfection we must visit some Hampshire islet in winter or early spring where the little waders are wont to gather. "Here springing from the beach a flock of a hundred dunlins will hang in the wind for a few seconds in a compact mass ten yards from the ground. Then the flock narrows into a long streamer, coiling in a beautiful wavy line through the sky. During this opening out the birds move slowly. Then they appear to stop dead for a moment or two—every dunlin simultaneously. They draw together next moment into a bunch as before, and suddenly, with tremendous speed cut down, almost striking the pebbles; but eddying, swirling, they cut up again, hang in the wind, and slowly serpentine out into the wavy line. There is absolute rhythm of motion in this dunlin drill. There is no jangling note; never a wing among those hundreds of wings is awry. Every wing swerves in the same second, every wing cuts down or up in the same second."

Of English song-birds Mr. Dewar claims for the thrush the foremost position. Others perhaps, the blackbird, the nightingale, the blackcap, may be choicer, but they can hardly vie with the thrush when we consider the year of song as a whole. After all, as he truly says, quantity does count; especially where, as in the song of thrushes, it is not discounted by absence of the other merit. Still the thrush lacks that brilliancy which we associate with the song of the nightingale. It is a quality that could hardly be claimed for thrush or blackbird. Indeed, it is peculiar to the nightingale among English singing birds. "Very good is it to go quietly

out of doors late on a May night, when the last light is out and the village sleeps, and to wait in the grave stillness for that first 'low piping sound more sweet than all'. It begins slow, intense and wailing; then quickens and enlivens, and leads up to breathless passages, rattling, clamorous, marvellous for power and execution. It is the musketry of music, full of flash and brilliance."

Mr. Dewar belongs to the old race of sportsmen, and can still find keen delight in taking up his gun on a winter's day and with a dog or two going out into the large quiet woods by himself, or with a keeper to beat and carry game and advise about the best strips of coppice, or the best bushes on the common for rabbits and an odd bird or so. Perhaps a woodcock may be met with or one or two snipe down in the swampy bottom. It is not, however, the size of the bag that makes the main pleasure. The excitement of shooting is mingled with thoughts of landscape and wild life. The walk itself is full of the charm of nature. There is no need to go to "faery lands forlorn" for faery sound and spectacle. The wood has them in the winter twilight. A sigh in the evergreen spruce, a clap of a pigeon's wing, the crow of a roosting pheasant, above all, the fine halo of the tawny owl, are sounds which can never grow so familiar as to be slighted. The author of "The Book of the Dry Fly" has naturally much of interest to say with regard to the delights of angling. Here again the pleasure is not confined to the sport itself. The quiet charm of the riverside can hardly be exaggerated. Insect life is abundant, and the water plants are a constant source of interest. In the waiting moments of the day birds can be watched at leisure. Moorhens and dabchicks will certainly be seen, and most likely the "bleating" snipe. In the lower Test meadows the redshank will be met with every spring, and, as the season advances, the summer sandpiper. There is beauty on every side; and "of all the problems in Nature this one of beauty sometimes seems the chief. Beauty of form, sound, colour, and device in every direction; beauty soaring on every wind, beauty running in every water, beauty covering almost every scrap of earth in Nature—and in most cases not the semblance of a theory to explain it."

Several chapters are devoted by Mr. Dewar to insect life, to the curious habits of moths, butterflies, and bees. His description of the peacock-butterfly caterpillar to all appearances "shamming death" as if to escape the attention of its enemies is most interesting; as also his vivid account of the storming of a beehive by another body of bees, ending in the annihilation of the defenders. "I know of no tragedy in the world of winged life", he says, "so appalling as the ruin of a bee society through mishap. There is no asylum for a bee—worker, guard, queen, or drone—once its hive has been stormed and sacked. If it sought shelter in another hive it would be detected by the guards at the entrance and beaten down. It is an outcast, a pariah; and ere night comes it will be numbed to death." One chapter of special fascination is devoted to trees and wildflowers. Hampshire is a land of yews and beech trees, and much information is given concerning them. The county, too, has a large and rich flora, with which the author is intimately acquainted, and he can discourse sweetly of the common chervil and the lowly moschatel putting forth tender ferny leaves in early spring, and of the strange devices whereby bryony and traveller's joy and other climbing plants contrive to grasp and smother their neighbours. His remarks on the apparent volition in the growth of the black bryony are among the most striking in the book. "A most startling thing", we are told, "about the bryony trailer is when it adventures forth from a thin hedge—where, through close trimming in the autumn, there is now little support save grasses and small plants—feels out its path two or three feet over the lane; and then, finding no cover within reach, turns back! . . . The bryony trailer might be called a creature of green life. If it has no understanding of its own, what an appearance of understanding is here!"

There are two good coloured plates, from drawings by Archibald Thorburn—one of orange-tip butterflies and speedwell and the other of burnet-moths and knapweed.

They are illustrations worthy of one of the most fascinating books on country life that have appeared since the days of Richard Jefferies.

VERSICOLOR.

"Rhymes from a World Unknown." By Gabriela Cunninghame Graham. London: Printed for E. B. Cunninghame Graham by Duckworth and Co. 1908.

"London Visions." Collected and Augmented by Laurence Binyon. London: Mathews. 1908. 2s. 6d. net.

"Faust." Freely Adapted from Goethe's Dramatic Poem by Stephen Phillips and J. Comyns Carr. London: Macmillan. 1908. 4s. 6d. net.

"De]Libris." Prose and Verse. By Austin Dobson. London: Macmillan. 1908. 5s. net.

"Mirrors of Illusion." By Edward Storer. London: Sisley's. 1908. 5s. net.

THE writer of "Rhymes from a World Unknown", Mr. Cunninghame Graham tells us, was uncertain of her poetic talent, and "she wrote so little in verse that the fetters of metre perhaps weighed a little on her pen; but they left her spirit singularly free". It is very true. The verses read like translations line for line in more or less rhythmic prose, and the best, the majority of them, might well be from the original of a supreme poet, so that the author's wish that

"Some faint note of mine

May echo in another's heart and fill it with its chime"

will certainly be fulfilled. There is not a verse which did not spring from a spirit most passionately bent upon the visible and invisible worlds, often upon both together, seeing them as one. Seldom, except when looking at the fragments of Sappho, have we been so much moved by a sense of the cruelty of Fate towards human imagination as in reading some of these poems, which all but reveal what only a great poet can reveal. For example, the impression of dawn in the Albarracin, "The Key", "A Flower Withered", "Where shall the loving dove?" and this piece:

"And is it possible that love should cease?
And is it true that soon this heart will be at peace?
Is there no link that binds two hearts in one,
Some link unseen of sympathy that cannot be undone?

Shall my head rest in peace at last
Under the green earth, unrecking of the past?
And will that hand no flower in blessing bring,
Shall I be left alone, a dead, forgotten thing?

The sky shall be blue in summer, and in the winter
gray,

The light melts into red sunset, o'er the mountains far
away.

Around the chestnut tops shall caw the rooks."

The reader can hardly avoid a protest against the chance which denied those words the spirit that could have made them great. But there is enough here and in many other pieces to charm even those who are not already familiar with and lovers of the work of this large and delicate soul.

We miss in Mr. Binyon a very different thing—just that spiritual glow and ecstasy which is felt though unexpressed in Mrs. Cunninghame Graham's verse. He has emotion, intelligence, fancy, skill, but not that which gathers them all up and knits them into poetry and sets them beyond the reach of grammar and an infinite capacity for taking pains. It is this alone that can make mere logic unnecessary and, indeed, absurd in poetry, and that does away with explanations. It is the business of prose to explain and gradually to persuade. Poetry shows results rather than processes, never explains; and, instead of persuading, compels. Not often is the danger of ignoring this shown so conspicuously as in Mr. Binyon's work. It is rare and scrupulous

work. He is a critical artist who never makes an avoidable mistake, and he is always interesting, often—as in "The Belfry", in his "Death of Adam", or "The Statues" in the present volume—fascinating. But in this early work particularly he attempts the impossible task of converting his observation and his thought into poetry by means of remembered emotion and a careful use of words. The result is much beauty or brilliance in detail, but no transfigured whole. If it were not more terse than the prose that is written by the best living writers, we should say that there is no reason why verse should be used. We still think that the same effects could be produced by prose, and that prose is the more natural medium for the impassioned and reflective description which occupies the greater part of the book. Of course there are passages where something more than brainwork has produced an unassailable quality in the verse, as, for example, in

"She that had come past her last hope, and found
Nothing beyond, and had shed no more tears . . ."

—unassailable except in sound; and there are phrases such as:

"A hunted sky flies over the housetops."

But far more frequently we pause over lines like

"Often, in spirits wrought, despair,
Not less than joy the end of care,
A lightness feigns . . ."

which is a compressed piece of truth, but not beyond the reach of prose; and verses like

"Well is it, shrouded Sun, thou spar'st no ray
To illumine this sad street! A light more bare
Would but discover more this bald array
Of roofs dejected, windows patched that stare
From sordid walls: for the shy breath of Spring,
Her cheek of flowers, or fragrance of her hair,
Thou could'st not, save to cheated memory, bring."

There the uncomfortableness of words that are significant but hardly ever right is incompatible with poetry. "The Fire", "The Reformer", and "The Bathers" are among the conspicuous examples of this failure to give a just unity to what are obviously a number of deep but scattered impressions. The successes include "The Statues", "The Destroyer", "A Woman", "The Escape". They and, we hasten to add, scores of passages in the failures make this reprint of Mr. Binyon's early work well worth reading at the slow pace which his deliberate style compels us to adopt.

Mr. Phillips at his best has the thin charm of regularity, sweetness, and facility. In adapting Goethe's "Faust" for the stage he has lost nearly all this charm and gained nothing. It is not a translation, and yet it has all the awkwardness of one—the phrases that suggest imperfect understanding of the original or the carelessness natural in handling ideas not our own. Indeed, of carelessness there is more than enough, as might be guessed from this line to which "frailty" supplies three syllables:

"Its very frailty saps all my powers";

and from such translator's English as

"By angels, though uncomprehended,
Strength from his aspect still is drawn;
The universe abideth splendid,
And fresh as at Creation's dawn.
Swift, beyond understanding quite,
Circles the earth in glorious guise"

—which is neither Goethe nor Mr. Phillips.

Mr. Dobson's book consists of slender and dainty gossip about books and pictures, about Bramston's "Man of Taste" (the source of "Music has charms to soothe a savage beast"), Kate Greenaway, Mr. Hugh Thomson, the books of Samuel Rogers, M. Barbeau's volume on Bath, "Esmond", and the game of "Cross Readings". These are pleasant things to mingle with "the death days of empires". Interspersed are many verses in which Mr. Dobson's gift is even more happily displayed. For those who care about "the nice conduct of a clouded cane" in literature, here is the very gentle craft at its best, neat and gay.

Mr. Edward Storer revives an ancient mode with some

skill but very little reality or charm—the mode of the Yellow Book age. It is not easy to write like this :

“ Out in the woods I was listening, listening,
And I heard the stone of Delight
Shatter the glass of the palace of Silence,
And a rose-girl, a moon-girl, a lily-girl, a queen-girl,
Came to me out of the woods where the Silence lay
strewn

In an exquisite shower of diamonds, there in the sun.

“ Out in the woods I was listening, listening.”

The slag of this kind of verse is worse than the slag of any other, but, at its best—and Mr. Storer comes near to its best in a few pieces—it can supply a spiritual equivalent to the sucking of chocolate. In only one piece, “ The Young Bride ”, does he rise to quite a different class, and if he is able to develop on that line he will do.

“ ORACULAR JOURNALISM.”

“ The Tragedy of Russia in Pacific Asia.” By Frederick McCormick. 2 vols. New York: The Outing Publishing Company. 1907. \$6.

THE volume of literature called into being by the Russo-Japanese War grows daily, and will perhaps some day equal that dealing with the last great struggle between Germany and France. This latest addition to the history of the struggle can, at any rate, be welcomed as distinctly original. First, because it is American, and turns to our view the aspect of the war as it is offered to the other side of the Atlantic. Second, and in consequence of its origin, because we are confronted with literary methods which must be novel to many of us and will prove puzzling to all. And yet again it displays originality because it supplies us with details and minute descriptions which have been largely omitted from the works which have as yet appeared. No doubt it is extremely interesting to be able to realise the American view of affairs in the Far East, yet we cannot but reflect that it would be far pleasanter to study it in a style less irritating. We must, we presume, grow accustomed to “ center ”, and “ defense ”, “ gayety ”, “ harbor ”, and the rest, but we must resent sentences such as this: “ No reasonable mind familiar with the methods and minds of the hegemony at Port Arthur can doubt that they believed in the domination of Japan as a matter of course, and regarded it as a foregone conclusion that with the war inaugurated Japan as a world-power would remain as a nation of the third or fourth rate, which they believed her to be, and would continue her existence, which she would owe to Great Britain, under the shadow of Russian domination, as would China, where already existed extensive Russian plans partly worked out ” (Vol. I. p. 20). Selected at random, this is a fair specimen of a style which may justly be termed “ prodigious ”. Turgid, exaggerated, sometimes unintelligible, the phraseology leaves a confused idea upon us of a man trying to “ write finer ” than he can, and makes us distrust the conclusions which the ranter invites us to accept. We are categorically told that Japan “ captured the sea from Russia ”, “ destroyed the line of defense of the Russian Eastern Empire ”, “ segregated and captured its capital ”, “ captured its whole new coast ”, “ captured the Russian base ”, and so on and so on, in carefully numbered paragraphs. Now Japan did a vast deal during the war for which no one is more ready to render her admiration than are we, but what was the Russian line of defence, and what the Russian base, and what the Russian refuge that were captured? Back she was pushed from the Yalu, from Liaoyang, and from Mukden, but how much nearer the capture of the ultimate Russian base were the Japanese at the end of the war than at the beginning? Lessons based on facts so loosely sifted as these will naturally be received with suspicion, and we can imagine that readers will hesitate to follow the author in his sweeping assumptions that the world has been altered since 1904, and that in consequence America must abandon her “ science of ethnology ” and

“ modify her ethics, her politics, and her religion ”. Since we are not Americans we are not disposed to consider whether we should swallow such advice or not; we are more nearly interested in what our author has to say about strategy and tactics, where there is less room for the higher flights of speculation. In this connexion we fear he throughout exhibits some prejudice against the Russians, and has been “ captured ” by the glamour of the exploits of their opponents, as have been many other eye-witnesses. The excesses of the Russian officers and their moral and professional shortcomings are exposed as if the process were a pleasure, not a painful duty. The same tales have been told of war in all ages, and it is as well to recognise that not every man who wears a uniform is a hero, as grim old Arthur of Wellington with his stubborn common-sense was fond of telling us. Something too is to be allowed for national habits and ideas; much no doubt is to be scathingly condemned; but after all heroic is not an exaggerated term when applied to the soldiers who were launched to destruction by incompetent Ministers, unprepared and inadequately provided, and who opposed a dogged resistance to probably the best-prepared, best-trained, and bravest troops in the world at the moment. To these Russian soldiers the author is just, after a sporadic fashion, but the narrative of his own personal experiences, which occupies the greater part of the book, is more eloquent in their behalf than any words he has written. For if he endured much they struggled through three times more with a sang-froid and patience beyond praise. The greater questions of strategy and tactics are not discussed in a manner which will be of much value professionally to officers, but the detailed narrative of the author’s doings as a war correspondent, the pictures he supplies of what he actually saw, the sidelights he throws on the progress of the operations, are all of value, and will very probably assist historians in establishing facts as to dates and places when the records of the war are sifted. As we have said, we cannot praise the style. Frankly, we have found the volumes somewhat stodgy and lacking in the crisp, vivid touches which can alone render such a bulk of matter attractive. We cannot, however, omit to mention that the author’s account of the Russian generals whom he met is very interesting and instructive. He appears to us to have measured his men correctly, and, since the personality of a leader has a profound effect on the operations he undertakes, these studies of Kouropatkin, Linievitch, Rennenkampf, Kaulbars, &c., are and will be of great help and value to students who have to account for and unravel the tangled skein of the war’s progress. To Kouropatkin he is uniformly fair. He justly praises his chivalry, patience, untiring industry and energy. As we ourselves pointed out during the war, the man who could succeed in avoiding a really crushing catastrophe, and who kept a level head amid misfortunes that he knew were inevitable, had many, if not all, the qualities that make a great general. How far he was hampered by instructions from home, how vast were his difficulties with his subordinates, will probably never be known, not at any rate for another generation or two, but his perseverance and the grip of his huge command that he showed were such as only comparatively few leaders have displayed. Had Kouro-

(Continued on page 614.)

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patkin commanded the Japanese armies, would the results have been more decisive? Not a few good judges and students consider that in all likelihood they would. It is idle to speculate, but we are glad to find the tendency to make a scapegoat of a sorely tried soldier renounced by a close observer of the Russian arrangements. At any rate, the Commander-in-Chief who asked for and loyally carried out a subordinate command under the general who supplanted him, and who was one of the very last to leave the theatre of war, sets soldiers an example perhaps unequalled in modern war.

What the exact lessons of the great struggle are for his fellow-countrymen seems to us somewhat nebulous, yet it is apparently with a view to their instruction that the volumes have been written. The main conclusions arrived at are that there is a great poverty of knowledge and understanding of what our author terms "East Asians" in America, and that "the situation must be met with advanced ideas".

THREE POPES.

"The Medici Popes." By Herbert M. Vaughan, London: Methuen. 1908. 15s. net.

MR. VAUGHAN wishes to rescue the private lives of his pontiffs, Leo X. and Clement VII., from the encyclopædic detail of Roscoe and Paston, and to break the judicious silences of Creighton. But even from the point of view of a personal study the wisdom of his omissions may be questioned. A study in character should emphasise all that is genuinely characteristic. What was more characteristic of Leo X. than his dealings with Luther, or than his general attitude to European and Italian politics? Yet there is here no word of Luther, and some of the most characteristic diplomatic incidents of the pontificate are slurred when a few extra paragraphs might have set the matter right. The undue prominence given to unimportant details makes the book a perilous one for the uninitiated. Yet it is obviously intended for the uninitiated, for Mr. Vaughan consistently translates his Latin.

Perhaps it is hardly fair to complain of a lack of perspective in any work of a biographical nature. The picture must of necessity be dominated by the central figures, and events must be grouped more or less artificially about them. A view of history based upon the reading of many biographies might be delightfully vivid, but it would be hopelessly distorted. Mr. Vaughan's particular outlook may be right enough, but his book gives an entirely false notion of the Renaissance as a whole. He shifts the weight of interest forward into the pontificate of Leo X., and perpetrates a horrible injustice upon the memory of Julius II. The pontificate of Julius saw the culmination of all that was best in humanism, and was marked by the attempt to realise that splendid vision of Pico della Mirandola and of Marsilio Ficino, the vision of a Christianity enriched by absorption of all that was best in pagan culture. Julius II., and with him Michel Angelo and Raffaele, must always be indelibly associated with this endeavour. Mr. Vaughan asserts that Julius II. had no real sympathy with art, and that he used the genius of Michel Angelo simply and solely for his own glorification. In face of Creighton's judgment this requires some sort of apology. The facts are all the other way. There is not often to be found in history a juxtaposition of two such men as the founder of the Papal State and the artist of the Sistine Chapel. It would be difficult to say which had the more intractable temper, which had the grander schemes, or which was the more impatient of obstacles. The aged Pope clambering up the ladder and threatening to throw down Michel from the scaffold unless he mended his pace was met by a spirit as fierce as his own. "When will you have done?" asked Julius. "When I can", answered Michel. And there it ended.

In politics, again, Mr. Vaughan simply dwells upon the fact that the diplomacy of Julius was detestable and unpatriotic. By modern standards it is difficult to condone the League of Cambrai, whereby the foreigner was indiscriminately invited to break up the greatest of the old Italian powers. But Julius II. was not directly

responsible for the methods and spirit of the politics of his age, and, in spite of all, the judgment of Creighton remains substantially true. "What Michel Angelo did for art, what Bramante did for architecture, Julius II. did for politics." Nepotism was dropped. The policy of Julius was based upon principle, and his far-reaching diplomacy brought within its scope all the nations of Europe. His magnificent secularity has rightly been condemned. Perhaps the most caustic comment that has ever been passed upon it was made in his own age and by one of his own countrymen. When Julius took Bologna he had a bronze statue of himself cast by Michel Angelo in commemoration. The people of Bologna afterwards sold it to his enemy, the Duke of Ferrara, who recast it into a cannon and had it christened Giulio. This was a piece of justifiable criticism. That of Mr. Vaughan is not.

When this injustice has been set right others may be condoned. They are simply the result of the writer's position as a biographer of Leo X. Leo neglected Michel Angelo and cherished Raffaele. It is therefore not surprising to find Raffaele with a chapter almost to himself and Michel left out in the cold. Leo neglected Ariosto, Guicciardini, Macchiavelli, and Erasmus. It would therefore be a work of supererogation on the part of his biographer to give them much attention. If imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, Leo X. would find himself excellently well flattered by Mr. Vaughan.

However, the impression given of Leo himself is distinct and, in the main, correct. The general atmosphere of the papal Court is reproduced with abundance of pleasant chatter concerning Leo's favourite jesters, his musicians, buffoons, and poetasters. Those who read the book will never forget that Leo X. was very fat; that he was purblind; that he liked his jests coarse and that his favourite jokes were practical; that he delighted in the indiscriminate slaughter of beasts, which he viewed in comfort as well as he could with the aid of a spy-glass (hence called the Papal Nimrod); that he had a fine taste in banquets and processions; that he looked with indulgence upon naughty plays, even when written by a cardinal; that his voice was forever soft, and his smile perennial. They may also get some idea of his political aims and his relations with regard to the art and literature of his time. But they will have to read between the lines.

The picture of Clement VII. is not so well drawn. The characteristic thing about Clement was that to come to a decision made him ill. This is no exaggeration. When in 1524 Francis I. challenged him to declare himself by demanding passage for French troops through the papal territory, he fell actually and physically ill. By an unhappy fate history placed a man incapable of making up his mind in a position where it was often necessary to do so. Mr. Vaughan does not emphasise this enough. Speaking of the negotiations which preceded the sack of Rome, he censures the insane folly of Clement when he should be compassionate his chronic irresolution. The tragedy of the sack of Rome consists in its gratuity. It came about by a chapter of accidents. Nobody wanted it.

NOVELS.

"The War in the Air." By H. G. Wells. London: Bell. 1908. 6s.

The chief defect of Mr. Wells' new book is that it represents him too completely. It is a novel, a romance, a social study and a prophetic anticipation crushed into one. In each detail it is interesting, as an incentive to thought it is of real value, but its complexity spoils it as a work of art. Also it over-reaches its effect by imagining a catastrophe too tremendous to be adequately realised. All the world at war—Europe, Asia, Australia and America, fighting promiscuously and at once, among themselves and with each other—demands an effort of the imagination; but when the war is such as had never been fought before, with new implements and under new conditions, the effort becomes confused. Mr. Wells' detail is as admirable as ever; he draws fearful

(Continued on page 616.)

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and convincing pictures of war as modified by the airship and aeroplane; but his study of war has not taught him how closely reciprocal are the tactics of attack and defence. He shows us every nation of the world secretly immersed in aeronautic adventure, yet not a single one of them has designed a gun to meet the perils of its own inventions. Such a condition is no more likely to obtain with the airship than with any other offensive menace of the past. It is a poor explosive that will only work one way, and the bombs that smashed New York would have been even more unpleasant had they burst among the invaders' unstable fleets; and one cannot credit such a complete apathy towards new engines of destruction as Mr. Wells' thesis of the defencelessness of the land requires. The old conflict of the gun and the armour-plate will be reproduced between the gun and the gasbag and the gun and the plane, and it is premature to assume that the gun will be impotent under the dropped explosive. Mr. Wells relies again upon effects of contrast he has adopted before; he uses the shapeless and vulgar mind of a little Cockney to enhance the awfulness of the coming terror which we view throughout with his eyes. And at the end, when all is over, when "every government in the world was as shattered and broken as a heap of china beaten with a stick", we are given Mr. Wells' speculation on the great collapse of civilisation, on the famine and pestilence that follow it, and the new life that takes its place. The book, indeed, is worth reading for half a dozen reasons; but it would have been better worth reading had there not been quite so many.

"**Leonore Stubbs.**" By L. B. Walford. London: Longmans. 1908. 6s.

Mrs. Walford has once before told the story of a man who became engaged to the wrong sister, and with better effect than in her new novel. Here the note of modernity is boldly struck by the introduction of the word "damn" into the heading of her first chapter, but, this initial effort achieved, she goes back to the far more congenial lines of her early stories. The development of a young widow is traced with sympathy and understanding. Leonore had been married by her selfish and avaricious father to the first eligible suitor, a good-natured business man. His commercial misfortunes and sudden death threw her back on her father's hands penniless, missing the good fellow who had contented her but never aroused any deep feeling. Her relative assumed that life was over for her at twenty-one, and her resentment of this assumption creates the somewhat scanty materials for this pleasant little story.

"**The Tempting of Paul Chester.**" By Alice and Claude Askew. London: Unwin. 1908. 6s.

Paul Chester was tempted, not by Mr. and Mrs. Askew, but by a beautiful immoral duchess who, when he first met her, was beating her lapdog to death. As he and his wife were living a semi-detached life through misunderstandings which a few words would have set right, he naturally fell under the spell of the duchess, who induced the duke to launch him on a brilliant political career. The duchess, who had played callously with many men's affections, lost her heart and her head over Paul, whose attractions are not obvious to the reader. But a moral man was Werther—and Hell knows no fury like a woman scorned. But courage! all is not lost. The patient Griselda comes to rescue her husband, the duke (who is not such a fool as he looks) grasps the situation and banishes his wife to the Sahara (without her lapdog), and we breathe again.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"**Lourdes; a History of its Apparitions and Cures.**" By Georges Bertrin. London: Kegan Paul. 1908. 7s. 6d.

The author of this account of Lourdes is Professor Georges Bertrin, of the Paris Catholic Institute. Mrs. Philip Gibbs has made an authorised translation, and Father Stanislaus St. John S.J. has introduced it to English readers in a preface. We shall not attempt to state the impression this narrative of miracles has made upon ourselves. In a book of this kind the effect must depend on the mind and education of the individual reader. But we must note that

Father St. John claims that the apparitions and the miracles will bear the strictest evidential test that can be applied to them. His position is similar to that taken by some of our scientific men as to certain alleged psychical manifestations which the physical scientist has put aside as impossible on a priori grounds. He holds, undoubtedly rightly, that it is unworthy in the name of science to dismiss these miracles without inquiry; and moreover he holds that they have been indubitably proved. A further point we might notice. The narrative contains many accounts of the miraculous immediate healing of fractures and physical lesions which in the ordinary operations of nature must be long continued. Father St. John affirms that these must have taken place by Divine interposition. The Lourdes miracles have often been explained as cures of nervous complaints on understood pathological principles. This does not apply to many of the cases here narrated. We shall say no more than that the book is a remarkable one from any point of view.

"**The King's Classics.**" London: Chatto and Windus. 1908. 1s. 6d. net per vol.

Recent additions to this charming series of books not easily accessible to the general public include Pettie's "Petite Pallace of Pleasure, containing many pretie histories by him set forth in comely colours, and most delightfully discoursed", in two volumes, edited by Professor Gollancz; Daniel's "Delia" and Drayton's "Idea", edited by Arundell Esdaile; Dante's "Vita Nuova", together with the version of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, edited by H. Oelsner; "Translations from the Icelandic", being select passages introductory to Icelandic literature, by the Rev. W. C. Green; and Swift's "Battle of the Books", with selections from the literature of the Phalaris controversy, edited by S. Guthkelch. The introductions are helpful, and more necessary perhaps than most introductions, and the notes are ample.

"**The Life of Gladstone.**" By John Morley. London: Lloyd. 1908. 2 vols. 5s. net.

"**The Letters of Queen Victoria.**" Edited by A. C. Benson and Viscount Esher. London: Murray. 1908. 3 vols. 6s. net. Queen Victoria's Letters and Lord Morley's "Gladstone" were both dealt with in their historical, political, and literary aspects when they appeared. Their reissue simultaneously in popular form is in its way an event in the book-selling world. Purchasers of the one should be glad to have the other easily available, because necessarily the biography and the letters dovetail at a good many points. The books are well printed and well bound, and the reader to whom they appeal may at least be congratulated on the price at which they are to be obtained.

"**Dictionary of National Biography.**" Vol. IX. Harris—Hoven-den. London: Smith, Elder. 1908. 15s. net.

Henry V., Hawkins, Hastings, Hood—how the four names which catch the eye in the new volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" seem to open up the story of the expansion of England into the British Empire! The eight Henrys occupy nearly one hundred pages, Henry VIII. claiming several more than either Henry IV. or V. The name which seems to preponderate is that of Herbert, including such widely differing bearers as George Herbert the poet, the fourth Earl of Carnarvon, and the first Baron Herbert of Lea. Lengthy accounts of Hobbes by Leslie Stephen and of Hogarth by Mr. Austin Dobson are among the notable features of the present volume.

"**The English Review.**"

It requires some courage in these days of snippets and the obvious to venture forth upon the crowded periodical seas with a new half-crown monthly. That courage is Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's. "The English Review", to appear in a few days, is to be devoted to the arts, to letters, and to ideas. It is to have "no party bias", and its aims are to be "impersonal". In the first number will be contributions by Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. W. H. Hudson, Count Tolstoi, and Mr. H. G. Wells, together with editorials on topics of the month and reviews. The list of names is conventionally brilliant, and there are many more well-known contributors to come. It is not however intended that the "passengers"—to adopt the editorial simile—should all be familiar figures on each monthly trip. The editor will be on the lookout for companions de voyage who will bring fresh thought and impressions to bear. We wish "The English Review" a good run, and hope that Mr. Bernard Shaw's prophetic suggestion to the editor, "If you do so and so, you probably won't succeed," may not be justified by the event.

For this Week's Books see pages 618 and 620.



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(Continued on page 620.)

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THE Ordinary General Meeting of Linotype and Machinery, Ltd., was held yesterday at Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Sir Joseph Lawrence, Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. E. L. Booty) read the notice calling the meeting and report of the auditors.

The Chairman said that notwithstanding the depression in trade and increased competition, the net trading profits for the past year, after deducting Reserves and Depreciation, were £125,833. After payment of interest on Debenture Stocks, Sinking Funds, and other fixed charges, there remained a balance of £45,656. The total accrued and undivided profits to date were £254,843, after paying £17,000 in dividends since the last meeting. In addition to £51,494 at the Bank, there was owing to the Company Book Debts of £562,667, less Reserves. Against this, the liabilities represented by Sinking Loans had been reduced to £21,865. Stock, plant, and other assets had also been increased. The Reserve Fund in respect of the further accrued surrender value of the Debenture Stock Redemption Policies stood now at £28,158, and there was a Reserve Fund of £54,378 as against Bad and Doubtful Debts. Since the close of the year covered by the Balance Sheet, most of the liabilities under the heads of Dividends, Interest, &c., which were included under the head of Creditors, had been paid, amounting to a total of £47,648. In the last five years the net available profits grew steadily from £61,506 to £75,145 per annum, and this is the first time the Company had gone back. Some Shareholders had written to ask in what form the £254,843 of accrued profits was represented. The answer was that within the last five years the Company had paid off £504,468 of liabilities taken over from the Old Companies before amalgamation. Of this £244,056 represented surplus cash receipts, and the balance was paid off partly by the proceeds of Debenture Stock, and partly by Debenture Stock paid for the Canadian business. Considering the fact that the Company had to give long credit to customers under Hire Purchase agreements, it was not possible, in the year the proportion of profits had accrued, to collect the amount due to the Company, and consequently a large amount was always outstanding. To those who suggested that the Company ought to do mainly cash business and give less credit, the answer was that then the Company would have to put up with a very large diminution of profits. The Company, in fixing its terms of credit, had to follow the customs of the trade, both in this and other countries, where competitors under the stress of bad times are offering almost any terms of credit to secure trade. The reason given in the Report for the Directors deeming it prudent not to declare a dividend on the Preference Shares was that they wished the Company to be in an exceptionally strong position, and have plenty of free working capital in case they had to face a continuance of the competition alluded to in the Report. This brought him to the most important paragraph in the Report, dealing with the causes of the diminution of profits—namely, the depression in the printing industry, competition, and patent litigation. As an instance of badness of trade, he stated that the number of machines taken out of offices of firms who had either failed, or were unable to find work for the machines, or where accounts were overdue, was 90 per cent. greater, or nearly double, what it was last year. As regards competition and patent litigation, Shareholders would remember that last year he said that whilst fighting vigorously for their hand, and maintaining, if necessary, in the Courts, any rights that they might have, they would, before indulging in anything like reprisals, exhaust every possible effort to bring about some honourable working arrangements with their competitors. They had pursued that policy steadily, notwithstanding much provocation. They had so far acted on the defensive where attacked. They had had two actions and an Appeal case in the English Courts, which they had won; but they had litigation pending in France, Italy, Portugal, Australia, and Egypt, which were depriving them of some business. It could not be said of the Company that during the nineteen years since the Linotype was brought to England it had, until the last two years, indulged in any litigation over patents. But the amount expended for the last two years under this head was between £7,000 and £8,000, and it was destined to increase unless some common-sense arrangements were come to with their competitors. As had been previously pointed out to the Shareholders, the Board had, where arbitration had been offered, offered to go to arbitration; but this had not been practicable in all cases, where their legitimate rights had been attacked. The combined effects of this continued competition and litigation, so far, had been to restrict the sales of machinery; but he was happy to tell them that serious negotiations were now going on, the underlying motive of which was a mutual desire to end differences. The acknowledged object was to establish unity of interests for the whole world by the adoption of a uniform policy. Obviously, in so vast a field of varying conflicting interests, involving different types of machines made in different countries, entire agreement was neither an easy nor a quick affair. To discuss, or even to foreshadow, the provisions of a trade treaty before the treaty was agreed upon was both inexpedient and unwise. Premature talk might jeopardise everything. It would be the height of folly and very undiplomatic, as it involved others besides themselves, and would embarrass as early an announcement as was possible to the Shareholders of the outcome of the negotiations. He could, therefore, only ask the Shareholders, in their own interests, to observe some restraint or reticence on asking questions about these negotiations, and to exercise a little further patience. In connection with the Report, it had been suggested that the Company should take steps to write down the amount standing for Patents and Goodwill, and to reduce the face value of the Share Capital. The Board, on their part, had not, and had never had, any objection to the adoption of these courses; but, after all, it was a question of bookkeeping. If the amount were written down on one side of the account there must be a corresponding diminution on the other side. What the Board were most concerned about, however, was first to increase the profits, and to be in a position, on as early a date as they could, to resume the payment of dividends. Before this could be done, in any case, it was essential that the Company should have more cash in hand; and the policy of the last few years' working had been directed to that end, so much so that the Company had never in its whole history been in the position of owing as little as it did to-day. The Board were consequently not prepared, on the present occasion, to make any binding promises to convene meetings to authorise the writing down of the Share Capital, because it was impossible to foresee how far the whole position might be altered by the arrangements that were now being considered. The number of new offices opened to Linotypes applied by this Company in the past twelve months was 103. Machines had for the first time been placed in the Government Printing Office in Calcutta, and in the Vatican Printing Office, Rome, and repeat orders had been received. Amongst newspaper events, the London "Daily Telegraph" had produced in six hours a 24-page paper, a feat that was only possible through its splendid battery of Linotypes and Autoplates, which latter had revolutionised the Stereotyping Foundry. The Company had won the Grand Prix (the highest possible award) at the Franco-British Exhibition for Linotypes and Autoplates. The "Daily Mail" had printed a daily paper with Linotypes and Autoplates at the Exhibition, and the machines had been visited by some millions of persons. He moved the adoption of the report.

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CHAIRMAN: LORD HARRIS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Ordinary General Meeting of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, Limited, will be held at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon Street, London, E.C., on Tuesday, November 17, 1908, at noon.

The Report of the Directors for the year ending June 30, 1908, states that the realised net profit on the year's operations, which is largely derived from dividends received on investments, after deducting Debenture Interest and all outgoings, shows a balance to credit of £662,799 3s. 9d., from which the dividend on the Preference Shares and French Government Taxes have been provided, leaving £583,619 8s. 4d., which, added to the sum of £85,167 13s. 2d. brought forward from last year, leaves £668,787 1s. 6d. From this the Directors have made provision for depreciation amounting to £200,526 6s. 2d., leaving £468,260 15s. 4d. available for dividend.

In addition to the foregoing realised profit, the Company's Share Investments as per Schedule No. 1 (apart from any appreciation in value on properties and ventures as per Schedule No. 2) show on current market prices a further large unrealised profit.

Investments stand in the books at average cost or under, and all shares are taken into account at prices below those current at the date when the Accounts were made up.

Schedules of the Company's principal Share Investments and unfloat properties are appended to the Accounts in pursuance of the course recommended by the Directors, and approved by the Shareholders, that this information should be published periodically.

The Directors recommend that a cash dividend of 20 per cent., free of Income Tax, be paid on the 2,000,000 Ordinary Shares, amounting to £400,000, leaving £68,260 15s. 4d. to be carried to the credit of the current year's Profit and Loss Account.

The Report and Accounts will be in the hands of the Shareholders on Monday, November 9, and the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held on Tuesday, November 17, at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon Street, London, E.C., at noon.

Copies of the Report, containing full information as to the Company's position, Balance-Sheet and Accounts, and Reports by the Joint Managers and Consulting Engineer, can be obtained on application at the Company's Offices in London and Paris, on and after Monday, November 9, 1908.

By Order,

J. C. PRINSEP } Joint Secretaries.
H. L. SAPTE }

Dated November 7, 1908.

UNION CONSOLIDATED COPPER MINES.

GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR'S REPORT.

THE Directors of the Union Consolidated Copper Mines have issued to the shareholders a copy of a report of the Company's mines and that of the Lyndhurst (S.A.) Copper Company, made by Mr. Henry Jones, Inspector of Mines for the Government of South Australia. The Board state:

"Mr. Jones' visit of inspection was made solely at the instance of the Mines Department of the Government of South Australia. As this report emanates from a source the independence of which is beyond question, the extremely favourable opinions expressed in it have great weight, and must be very gratifying to the shareholders in the two companies concerned. During the past twelve months a considerable amount of work has been done on the Union Mines opening up large bodies of highly payable ore. The adit levels driven in, as well as the shafts sunk on, some of the ore bodies have exposed rich sulphides, which are very valuable adjuncts to the smelting of the carbonate ores. These sulphides, in addition to being rich in iron and sulphur, are high grade in copper, in some cases returning an average of 12½ per cent. copper, the richer portions yielding over 20 per cent.

"Satisfactory arrangements have been made for the erection of a large smelting plant, comprising a steel water jacketed blast furnace to treat up to 1,000 tons per week, with stipulations for extension to 2,000 tons of ore weekly. The plant has all been purchased, paid for, and delivered as far as Farina, the nearest railway station. A great part has been transported to the mine, and the remainder is being transported as quickly as the teams and carriers can convey it. Erection is being proceeded with, and, although the manager estimates that smelting can be started by the end of December, the board deems it safer to allow a month for unforeseen contingencies. It is, therefore, hoped that by the end of January the smelters will be in full blast. The company has just concluded arrangements for the purchase of a Renard road train. This will solve the transport difficulties, and will reduce the cost of freight by about 20s. a ton.

"We can state emphatically that the position of the company is thoroughly sound, it having ample funds to carry out the whole of its works, and there are no liabilities."

Mr. Jones, in his report, states:

"I have inspected the Union Consolidated Copper Mine, comprised of twelve leases of forty acres each.

"Leases Nos. 1,069-73.—On these the management have decided to erect the smelting plant. A suitable site has been selected in a convenient place, and a good supply of water can be obtained. There is a well-defined lode traversing these leases, traceable on the surface for a distance of one mile. A considerable amount of work has been done, and from an open cut 85 feet long and 15 feet to 20 feet wide a great quantity of high-grade ore has been taken out, yielding 25 to 40 per cent. copper. Several shafts have been sunk, and in all of these the lode was going down strongly. At 150 feet south from the foot of the hill a shaft well situated to enable the lode

to be worked has been sunk to a depth of 100 feet, or 40 feet below water level. One mile north from these workings a shaft has been sunk to a depth of 120 feet, from which high-grade ore was obtained, yielding 30 per cent. copper. This lode is looking promising, and is likely to go down to a great depth.

"No. 2 (or The Pinnacles).—The principal work done on this lease was the driving of a tunnel into the hill on the course of a large sulphide lode. Twenty-five tons of undressed ore from here gave a return of 8 per cent. copper. As the tunnel is extended under the hill, there will be about 100 feet of backs, on which some thousands of tons of ore can be extracted at little cost. There are other lodes on this property on which a few shallow holes have been sunk, and in each of these good grade sulphide ore has been obtained. South of the above lease is No. 2a, where a shaft has been sunk on a big lode formation, and 100 feet of driving has been done on the course of the lode. Further up the hill an open cut has been made, exposing lode material from 40 feet to 50 feet wide. The ore sent away from here gave a return of 14 per cent. copper. A great quantity of ore can be extracted from this lode by the open-cut system.

"Leases Nos. 2,030-3 (Wheel Frost).—There is large ore-bearing material traversing these leases, traceable for a distance of half a mile. Work has been carried on from the open cuts, exposing ore material for a width of 50 feet; ten tons treated yielded 19 per cent. copper and 4 dwt. of gold per ton. The lode formation should be intersected soon, and this will give 300 feet of backs to operate on.

"Lease No. 2,034 (Old Noll's).—A great quantity of ore has been extracted from here by open cuts, and was sent down to the bottom of the hill to a convenient place for carting away on aerial ropeway. The ore-bearing material appears to be from 50 feet to 60 feet wide. Fifty tons treated without dressing gave a return of 7.3 per cent. copper; dressed ore sent away by the tributaries gave a return of 44 per cent. copper. Some thousands of tons of ore can be extracted cheaply.

"LYNDHURST (S.A.) MINES.

"Leases Nos. 2,035-37 (Daly Mine).—A considerable amount of development work is carried on here in driving tunnels and open cuts. The outcrop can be traced for fully three-quarters of a mile; work is carried on from two open cuts, 450 feet long each and 300 feet apart. These cuttings have been started half-way up the hill, and across the formation at right angles, and will have a vertical face of over 10 feet by 450 feet long on the line of lode, from which an enormous amount of ore can be extracted cheaply, that will yield in bulk as broken from 4 to 6 per cent. copper. Five tunnels have been put into the hill, and the width of the ore-bearing material disclosed in some of these is from 50 feet to 100 feet. Some dressed ore sent away by tributaries gave a return of 27 per cent. copper.

"Smelting Company.—The manager expects to have the furnace erected and the plant in full going order by the end of this year. The prospects of this property are exceedingly encouraging, with such large deposits of ore and a good supply of water."

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